

The GRAPHIC



Twentieth Year, August 30, 1913

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

IN THE REDWOOD CANYONS

By LILLIAN H. SHUEY

Down in the redwood canyons, cool and deep,
The shadows of the forest ever sleep,
The odorous redwoods, wet with fog and dew,
Touch with the bay and mingle with the yew.
Under the firs the red madrono shines,
The graceful tan oaks, fairest of them all,
Lean lovingly unto the sturdy pines,
In whose far tops the whistling blue-birds call.

Here where the forest shadows ever sleep,
The mountain lily lifts its chalice white,
The myriad ferns hang draperies soft and light
Thick on each mossy bank and watered steep,
Where slender deer tread softly in the night,
Down in the redwood canyons dark and deep.

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THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



HUERTA STUBBORN, BUT MAY REPENT

READING of the President's message on the Mexican situation does not necessarily imply utter failure of Envoy Lind's negotiations; the door is not yet closed to peace overtures. That Huerta has been grossly misinformed and misled as to the purpose of the United States is the declaration of President Wilson. Huerta and his advisors did not believe that the administration at Washington spoke through Mr. Lind for the masses of the American people. "The effect of this misunderstanding leaves them isolated and without friends who are able effectually to aid them." In time they will awaken to the truth. That it will not be long is the President's belief. Meanwhile, we cannot thrust our good offices upon them. The rejection of our proffers means the ignoring of the urging of "several great powers" to accept the friendly action of the United States, which cannot fail to weaken the Huerta administration.

It is a thoughtful, kindly, dignified message which Mr. Wilson delivered in person before the joint session of congress. It is couched in no spirit of buncombe; it is not a lament for the rejection of a great policy. It breathes patience and counsels calm deliberation. "We can afford to exercise the restraint of a great nation, realizing our strength but scorning to use it. It was our duty to offer assistance. Now, it is our duty to show what neutrality will do to enable the Mexicans to set their affairs in order, and to await further opportunity to offer friendly counsels."

Meanwhile, none of the belligerents across the border is to receive assistance. All exportation of arms and munitions of war must cease. "We can neither be partisans nor constitute ourselves the virtual umpire of the contest," it is well said. The whole world desires Mexico's peace and a great future awaits the republic when the country is ready to make the most of her opportunities "through the paths of honest constitutional government." Mr. Wilson is not at all optimistic over the situation. He makes it plain that the months of waiting have brought no improvement. The territory held partly by the provisional authorities at Mexico City has grown smaller and the prospect of pacifying the country even by arms has grown more remote. "War, disorder, devastation and confusion seem to threaten to become the settled fortune of the distracted country." This was the situation when, as friends, no longer able to wait for a solution of the troubles Mr. Lind was sent to show a way out of the chaos. He executed his mission with "tact, firmness and judgment," but the Huerta administration did not realize the friendliness of Americans nor the determination that a solution would be found for Mexican difficulties.

Now, what? The factions must fight out their

troubles. With the great powers in sympathy with the efforts of the United States it is evident that Huerta has a difficult task ahead of him. Inevitably, he must fail. All Americans are urged to leave Mexico immediately, not because efforts to safeguard their lives and interest are to slacken, but in order to reduce the risks. The situation is critical. An overt act in which American lives may be sacrificed under conditions so outrageous as to arouse the American nation may precipitate forcible intervention. Whatever ensues of this nature no possible blame can attach to President Wilson who has left nothing undone that would insure a peaceful settlement of the turbulences across the border. Huerta has dugged his own grave.

RELIEVING THE FINANCIAL TENSION

DOUBTLESS, Southern California will find good use for the \$3,000,000 deflected to this region by Secretary McAdoo, as our portion of the fifty million dollar crop easement money. If Los Angeles has no use for the treasury funds, the county banks will not refuse them. In any event, one thing has been demonstrated that should give satisfaction to the nation and that is the acceptance of commercial paper as collateral for government deposits. It is a recognition of the asset currency proposition favored by the American Bankers' Association and indorsed by the monetary commission under Aldrich. It is proposed by the secretary of the treasury that national banks must have at least forty per cent of their authorized circulation in order to receive the benefit of these loans, and that the government deposits so to be made shall be secured by prime commercial paper at 65 per cent of its face value. No wonder the currency committee of the American Bankers' Association is jubilant over the situation and is quoted as observing:

Ten years ago speakers at the convention of this association who intimated any such idea as asset currency were hissed by members in attendance. This goes to show that with the present proposition, with the bills prepared by the currency commission of the American Bankers' Association, with the so-called "Aldrich bill," which embodied all of the best features of banking in the world, and with the administration measure now before congress, bankers and business men generally have seen a new light and have been going through a period of financial and economic education.

It is stipulated by the secretary of the treasury that these special deposits are made to lessen the financial tension and are not to be used by the depositaries to discharge their obligations to other banks. Additional requirements are demanded, but bankers say they are not onerous, and are plainly necessary in view of the fact that this is the first time in history that the United States has accepted commercial paper as security for its money. One financial writer notes that an old-time employe of the treasury department is credited with having drawn up the provisions governing the use of commercial paper as security with such expert care that there is not even a remote chance of the government's losing money through the new departure. Two per cent interest is demanded by the government for use of the treasury funds.

Meanwhile, the administration currency bill in the house Democratic caucus has reached a critical stage with certain radicals demanding that the federal reserve banks shall remain closed against rediscounts of stock and bond paper but opened to the rediscount of cotton and grain paper protected by warehouse receipts. As the bill now stands individual banks may discount paper of either of the type noted, but are barred from rediscounting the same in the federal reserve banks. If the radicals have their way specu-

lators in cotton and foodstuffs will be aided to an extraordinary extent while other investors will be under a heavy handicap. This would seem to be class legislation with a vengeance. Surely the Democratic caucus will sit down hard on such a proposition. No favoritism of that nature must be shown in the new currency system.

PRIZE FIGHTS AND NEWSPAPER HUMBUGS

HAVING assiduously fostered the fight mania by printing reams of banal gossip concerning the pugilists, by giving outside page illustrations of their biceps, their chest measurements and other thrilling anatomical phenomena, not forgetting round by round comment, much descriptive matter and flashy half-tone reproductions of prize fighters in action, the Los Angeles newspapers are now engaged in deploring the brutal sport for whose popularity with the masses they are so largely responsible.

Occasion for this smug display of pretended repugnance is found in the killing of an uncouth giant last Friday by another heavyweight only a trifle less inexperienced with the gloves than his victim. Pink sheets accustomed to sizzle with arenic "dope" are, for the moment, as repressed as a Sabbath school quarterly while the editorial pages of our contemporaries vie with their news columns in berating the tendencies of the "brutal sport." How his satanic majesty must chuckle over such evidences of arrant hypocrisy!

Of course, the ministers have lent themselves to the game. They are quoted *ad libitum* as to the nefariousness of prize fighting, but not one that we can discover has had the courage to denounce the newspapers for their large share in keeping the public on edge to the point of supporting the contests financially. One pharisaic publisher whose evening paper a week ago was vigorously belauding its amplified prize fighting news is now the smuggest denunciator of the lot. What a set of humbugs these millionaire newspaper owners are! They pour oil on a bonfire and then give vent to outcries because the resultant blaze works great damage.

UNITED RAILROADS HEAVILY HIT

WHAT has happened to the United Railroads in San Francisco is not unexpected. The public-be-damned attitude of the street railways in the northern metropolis of recent years is simply yielding fruit. The money that should have gone into new rolling stock and street extensions was diverted into illegitimate channels—the Ruef treasury, and, later, expensive litigation to keep the president of the road and other officials from suffering unpleasant consequences of their rash acts. Probably, a million dollars or more was exhausted in this way. Nor has there been a spirit of good will manifested by the corporation toward the public. The bond of mutual interest that President Shoup of the Pacific Electric railway has so firmly established in this region has been sadly lacking in the north, with the result that a feeling inimical to the United Railroads has been engendered among the people.

All too late the stockholders and bondholders of the corporation have awakened to the mistake of their executive, Patrick Calhoun. He has been superseded by Mr. J. W. Lilienthal who is to be given a free hand in the management of the roads and will have a directorate in sympathy with his views. The main policy should be first class service, courtesy to the public and honest dealing. In comparison with the Pacific Electric rolling stock the cars of the United Railroads are as cattle cars to Pullmans. Dirty and dingy they are a disgrace to the northern metropolis. Refusal to build the cross town lines

needed to reach the fair grounds was an additional ground of complaint.

These several factors noted entered into the election yesterday when by a four to one vote the issue of \$3,500,000 municipal street railway bonds was authorized. It is another matter to convert the bonds into cash, but Mayor Rolph has guaranteed to see to the financing and to build the proposed cross town lines in time for fair patrons to use. Perhaps, he will be able to accomplish the task, but it is no easy problem that he has set himself. In any event, the building of the lines will prove a serious blow to the United Railroads as the projected municipal service is bound to cut into the business of the private corporation. Mr. Lilienthal has a difficult row to hoe in meeting this powerful contender for traffic. It will call for tireless energy, patience, tact and good business principles to keep the interests entrusted to him to the fore. Of course, this money voted by the people is but a drop in the bucket to what must follow in entering upon municipal railway ownership and operation. With millions to be spent in acquiring a water system and with a high rate of taxation already established the outlook for much heavier taxation in the next decade is not to be dodged. Perhaps, the game is worth the candle.

AESTHETICISM AND TENSE LIVING

HOMER was wont to nod, occasionally—on the word of Horace—and so it seems is the esteemed "Bob" Burdette who, in a half doze, however, is more entertaining than the average wide-awake writer. Robert has criticized, without animus, the strong language used in a powerful story in the current Century Magazine called the "White Linen Nurse," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, who also wrote that charming little idyl, "Molly Make-Believe." But in condemning the ultra-virility of the conversation of nurses and senior surgeon of the hospital—locality not given, assumably, Boston—the genial critic has overlooked one important particular, it seems to us, and that is the tense nature of the story unfolded.

Repugnant as are the expletives used their introduction intensifies the atmospheric tensiety sought to be imparted. The hardness of the chief surgeon, the hysteria of the nurse, reflected in their popping adjectives, is the natural sequence of weeks and months and years, even, of the high pitched key of hospital life. Unnatural, says Mr. Burdette and unlike anything he ever heard in such institutions in the last ten years of his visitations. Not unnatural, dear Robert, but true to life. Of course, the visitor does not hear this tainted conversation, but the nurse, under quick fire from a surgeon whose nerves of steel know no relaxation, and who herself is an overwrought human machine, could testify to the faithfulness of the picture. Ask any doctor who has performed half a dozen capital operations every morning for a month whether the story is overdrawn and he will have to acknowledge that it is not.

It seems to us that the author, who is the wife of Dr. Fordyce Coburn of Lowell, Mass., unquestionably gets her stage accessories accurately placed. But it is more than hospital life she is depicting, it is the spirit of the age she is revealing, of whose tenseness the scenes described are but a segment. The pace of the hospital nurse, of surgeon, of superintendent is the modern pace set for us all, alas, with so little relaxation, so little time for mental stock-taking and soul-loafing that humanity, in the mass, is ever on the verge of hysteria and expletives. We agree with Mr. Burdette that it is not beautiful, not inspiring, but perhaps it requires a few shocks of the kind noted in the high-class Century—whose new editor, Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, promises to "keep step with the new spirit of progress"—to arouse the nation to the folly of its course.

Look about and sense the tensiety of existence. We are all keyed to an unnatural pitch. Mrs. Coburn has handled in a masterly manner one phase of an all-too common situation. It is not pretty, it is not attractive. But neither is life as known to the average urban dweller. The pace is terrific and it is heightened and accented by the hideous road races

that must kill to satiate the onlookers. The shrieks of an auto siren, the frightful noises of a machine whose "throat" is being cleared, the piercing toot of an engine or the searching banshee of an electric car whistle at a street crossing are all devilish aids to the spirit of unrest that is as a nightmare on the nerves of the community. Dr. Burdette has made aesthetic protest against the profanity of the hospital story without regard to the typifying nature of the setting. Aside from its realism, its verities, as we have tried to show, it is a reflection of the age in which we are moving at a double-quick. As a soldier Robert has responded to this order of the commanding officer. All life, it seems to us, is passed at the double-quick these days.

TILLMAN'S JEREMIAD ON DUAL SUFFRAGE

PERHAPS, no more absurd misuse of the senatorial "leave to print" in the Congressional Record has been noted in many years than when the privilege was accorded to Senator Tillman to insert as a public document Dr. Alfred Taylor Bledsoe's article on "The Mission of Women," written more than forty years ago and first appearing in the Southern Review, in October, 1871, of which magazine Dr. Bledsoe was the editor. It seems that the late Senator Johnston of Alabama had run across a copy of the essay, in pamphlet form, and suggested to Mr. Tillman that he get it into circulation again through the Record. Without giving it more than a hurried glance, the senator from South Carolina gained the required permission and the article duly saw light.

But, lo, it contained what many of his fellow senators thought was an unkind and unjust reflection on northern women and the outcry was such that the document was ordered expunged from the Record. However, many copies already had been mailed and the mischief was done. It seems that Dr. Bledsoe's essay was inspired by the last chapter of Lecky's "History of Morals" which gives a brilliant and profound exposition of the condition, social rights, and political privileges of women in all ages. In addition to this incentive was the deplorable state of southern politics at that time, when the country beyond Mason and Dixon's line was in the unpleasant grip of reconstruction, with carpet-baggers, scalawags and negroes controlling all the public institutions.

With this explanation of the thrusting of the censorious article into the Record and a detailed reference to the conditions in the south that caused the author to cry out against northern women Senator Tillman was led to animadvert against woman suffrage, although he admitted it was a dangerous topic to handle at this time. Rereading his Lecky the senator finds that in Rome when the manners and customs with regard to women began to change, and they were given more privileges than they had ever enjoyed before, divorces were so largely increased that free love became the rule and the birth rates correspondingly decreased. Comments Mr. Tillman:

Now, it is a beautiful dream that female suffrage will purify politics, because our ideals of women are so high, and we regard them so absolutely as the sources of goodness and purity, that we cannot conceive of their not elevating and helping anything they touch. But the vital and important thing for us to consider is the effect on women themselves. We had better endure the evils of corruption in politics and debauchery in our government rather than bring about a condition which will mar the beauty and dim the luster of the glorious womanhood with which we have been familiar and to which we have become accustomed all of our lives. We can better afford to have degraded and corrupt politics than degraded and bad women.

Senator Tillman admits that the demand for woman suffrage is growing too fast for "old fogies" like him to stop it. He believes she will improve politics, but ultimately, politics will destroy her as we know her and love her and "when good women are no longer to be found, and we have lost the breed, the doom of the republic is near." This is a sad outlook and one that would be exceedingly depressing were it generally accepted as a correct estimate of the banal effects of woman suffrage. But good women, we opine, will be found so long as the sex is on earth,

come universal suffrage or a continuation of the partial vote, in vogue in many states. Another fearful concomitant of woman suffrage is divorce argues Mr. Tillman who is sure that legal separations will automatically increase in those states granting the dual ballot. After remarking that in his state the fathers of girls such as Diggs and Caminetti ruined would have shot their seducers and been promptly acquitted, Mr. Tillman ended his jeremiad by asking unanimous consent to the reprinting of Dr. Bledsoe's article in the Record, whereupon half a dozen senators shouted their disapproval and the senator from South Carolina subsided.

LESE MAJESTIE FOR MULHALL

SHOCKING! Here is Col. Martin Mulhall found testifying before the house lobby probers that the editor of Hearst's Magazine refused to buy his letters on the ground that publication of the correspondence would upset the faith of the people in the established order and Woodrow Wilson's candidacy for President would be immeasurably enhanced in consequence, a result not to be regarded with favor by any of Mr. Hearst's lieutenants who were wise to the secret wishes of their noble and unselfish chief.

Of course, the Hearst Magazine editor has much to learn. We shall be surprised if he remains much longer in his executive capacity. The idea of revealing to so dangerous a pedlar as Col. Mulhall the true motives of Mr. Hearst! Speech, said the profound French philosopher, is employed by men only to conceal their thoughts and here this stupid editor actually used it to reveal the truth. Truly, words are the money of fools; only to wise men are they counters, who do but reckon by them, according to Master Thomas Hobbes. This magazine editor has shown himself to be unfit to trust. He tells the truth.

Naturally, this revelation will demand a double-column dissertation, with the usual interlarded capitals, in all of Mr. Hearst's amusing publications, condemning the Mulhall utterances and denouncing him as a modern Ananias witho it paralle' for obliquity of purpose. All that has been previously said in his favor must be taken in a Pecksniffian sense; from now on he is anathema. What a rich joke is this entertaining William Randolph Hearst! Life would be twice as strenuous were he to refrain from his antics.

GENTLE ART OF WOOING

THIS is essentially an age of specialists. We have experts in all the professions. Even in religion we have evangelists. In the law and in medicine specializing is highly profitable, hence why not a specialist in the art of wooing? In the Los Angeles county jail is an expert in courtship. He has had five wives—at least, four-fifths of the number believed they were wives—and the process of winning them was in nowise slighted simply because of a legal quibble. The "professor" has been interviewed on his elective science and what he unfolds for the benefit of his fellowmen, who may be satisfied with fewer triumphs, is of profound importance.

Always be a gentleman, he admonishes. Guard against the use of the overfrank, familiar talk, with its tendency to freshness. Be scrupulously polite, especially in small attentions, never descending to slang. A trifle dignified in demeanor, but graciously yielding rather than otherwise. Be sympathetic; listen well; don't imagine that your troubles are the only ones worth reciting. Doesn't the poet tell us that "often for the other flows the sympathetic tear?" Then there is music. A few softly-modulated chords, even, have been known to stir the emotions and place the player en rapport with the object of his affections. Tact is another great assistant in the art; neatness of deportment a valuable auxiliary and deference to women at all times flattering and "fetching."

These may be regarded as outlines whose effective application depends upon the student's ability to provide the atmosphere and give to the wooing the requisite earnestness that commands responsiveness. A correspondence school may furnish excellent rules

for the acquisition of a foreign language, but it must always fall short in imparting accent. The Los Angeles professor of love may tell us how to proceed to gain that success he has attained, but what years of practice can give the melting look to the eyes, the soulful pitch to the voice, the soft sigh, the gentle touch of the hand, the deferential manner, the profound courtesy that is so pleasing to womankind. Love-making is, we are convinced, a fine art, which is not for the hoi polloi to grasp. It is not a mere outward manifestation. The homeliest of men may be past masters in the profession, using the term in its broadest sense. What is it the poet asks:

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still,
Is human love the growth of human will?

Evidently, the poet marveled at the mating of Psyche and Caliban yet, as we have tried to explain, Caliban, despite his uncouth appearance, may have possessed to the nth degree all the attributes described and which the Los Angeles professor assures us are essentials to success. Of course, in bringing out these points which, possibly, may be assimilated by certain of our readers, we hope no unfair use will be made of the charms that are said to have such potent effect. We beg any student to remember the tender susceptibility of the softer sex and be loth to exert the massed influences unfairly.

CONDUCT OF COLLEGE GIRLS

RECENTLY, in the New York Independent, appeared an article written by Suzanne Wilcox, which has aroused much comment in the eastern journals, respecting the conduct of college girls. Miss Wilcox lives in a college town. She is interested in the girls who go to college and in pursuance of this interest called a meeting of "freshmen" which was liberally attended. She told them a story of the rejection by one of the leading women's societies of a young girl, a newcomer in college. Her mother and aunts had been members of the organization, her own record was excellent, she personally had much charm. She was rejected, to use the words of one of the young women, because "they say her people are quite poor now, and if you could have seen the dowdy coat she wore to our evening party I guess you would have been for turning her down, too."

If this was intended to arouse sympathy for the rejected candidate it must have failed of its purpose, for, instantly, a sensible girl would have leaped to the conclusion that the "freshman" was to be congratulated on escaping membership in such a society of snobs. However, the purpose of Miss Wilcox was to show the trend of the modern feminist movement. She told of a young man who occasionally invited a young woman to go to a dance and although she had seldom seen a taxicab before she went to college she now expects to ride in a cab if the dance is only two blocks away. Another girl who was engaged to be married laughingly explained the absence of her fiancé by saying he had gone to the city on a little sporting spree and hadn't returned, adding, "You know, I've never had much use for a young man who wasn't a bit of a sport." Finally, she told of one of the leading students who reported that the ones who were most highly regarded were those who could excel in social or athletic lines rather than in scholarship.

From the assembled "freshies" Miss Wilcox gathered that the incidents she had cited were not abnormal but thoroughly representative of the opinions of the young women of the college. One of the number present told her hostess that "she condemned the girls most for their attitude toward loose morals in young men, but so long as girls wink at such habits one need hardly expect anything better from young men." Commenting on this peculiar standard of morals in a college town one writer asks how it is possible that thoughtful women or thoughtful men can look these facts in the face and not realize that the whole feminist movement for suffrage is "a movement to break down the sense of duty, to take women away from their present responsibilities and throw them into a political strife for which they are

quite unfit, and the exercise of which will prevent them from performing the duties which they alone can perform."

Evidently, an anti-suffragist, but we cannot agree with the conclusion that giving the ballot to women will unsex them or lower their moral standards. The arraignment of the college girls noted is probably justified, but the fault clearly lies with the girls in their home training. We could cite instances on this coast, at Stanford, for example, directly controverting the incidents related by Miss Wilcox. We know of sororities whose membership is entirely devoid of snobbishness, whose girl students think the street cars are plenty good enough for them and their escorts and who have little use for athletically inclined young men who are dullards in classes. As for the "sporty" kind they are taboo. Miss Wilcox and her commentators have made the mistake of generalizing from an isolated case. Even as one swallow does not make a summer so the Miss Pers of the eastern college town noted do not by any means reflect the attitude of young women college students the country over—certainly not of the Pacific coast.

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY OF APES

SEVEN years before his death, which took place in 1901, Robert Henry Newell, "Orpheus C. Kerr," wrote a most ingenious story entitled "There Was Once a Man." It was, in effect, an attempt to prove the possibility of kinship between man and ape, the forests of Borneo and the adventures of a runaway Irish sailorman supplying the locale and the medium of scientific demonstration. Whether or not the anthropoid ape is a degenerate form of human being has long been a moot question. Orpheus C. Kerr, to refer to him by his better-known pen name, of course, added nothing to the sum total of human knowledge, the shock-headed offspring that figures in his daring story revealing nothing to science.

In a really serious effort to establish the truth of the theory held by many that the physical likenesses of apes to man are due to a common origin the British Medical Association proposes to equip an experimental station for simians in the Canary Islands there to study the "profound resemblances in the body chemistry" and "also biologic similarities no less striking" which the scientists at the Pasteur Institute in Paris have recently demonstrated. We all know of the universality of the belief among savages that the anthropoids of the forests are not brutes but a lower form of human beings.

Paul du Chaillu once gravely informed us that he had no doubt as to the correct basis for this belief, arguing that the gorillas and the pigmies were not far apart intellectually. Students of Darwin and Huxley are aware of the strong opinions these able scientists held as to the descent of man and all who accept the Darwinian theory of evolution as opposed to creative will follow with great interest the revelations at the experimental station. Whether or not modern mankind had a double origin as hypothetically advanced may yet be definitely determined.

WENT DOWN WITH HIS SHIP—AND

FRAGMENTARY and disconnected as the story is of the foundering of the steamer State of California in Alaskan waters, resulting in the loss of thirty or forty lives, it is yet a remarkable tale told by the survivors who have reached Seattle, still in a dazed condition. There were no hours of preliminary waiting such as marked the final settling of the Titanic. The sudden contact with a hidden rock wrenched all fixtures from place and listing the boat sharply to port allowed a tremendous volume of water to enter through the open portholes on the lower side.

Rushing to the upper deck the passengers and crew were gathered in the bow of the vessel and while Captain Cann was ordering out the port boats, the blasts of the whistle from the cannery ashore were distinctly heard apprising those in distress of approaching aid. But before the shore boat could reach the doomed steamer another tremendous list to port and forward ensued that brought the smokestack and

mast down on the run crashing into two of the lifeboats and throwing into the sea the struggling men and women that survived. Then a great wave engulfed the bow, the vessel seemed to break in two at the social cabin and with a plunge she disappeared beneath the surface, carrying into the vortex all who remained aboard the ill-starred steamer.

Followed an extraordinary occurrence. The master of the ship, through these trying scenes had maintained his position on the bridge, issuing orders regarding the launching of the small boats and directing in loud and firm tones the attempts to save the passengers. When the final plunge came Captain Cann still stood on the bridge, clinging to its rail, giving orders to the last. As the ship broke, the bridge was torn loose and back to the surface it came, the skipper, as before, still clutching the iron railing. At once, he resumed command and directed the rescue work of the tender from the cannery which by this time had responded to the distress blasts shrieked before the vessel disappeared. When all that were afloat were picked up the heroic captain accompanied the survivors to Juneau, whence he wired the owners at Seattle of the loss and at once returned to Gambier Bay with divers to recover, if possible, the bodies of those who went down in the ship. It is a story almost without a parallel in marine history.

OUR ALTRUISTIC COUNTY SUPERVISORS

TEST runs of the monolith cement plant are asked by the county supervisors before paying over \$550,000 to the city of Los Angeles for the white cement elephant. Just what the county expects to do with this tainted machinery, whose run for the Avenue 20 bridge was rejected by the city engineer, is not clear. One week's continuous output of the plant would furnish the county all the cement it could use in a year, based on previous records. For fifty-one weeks in the year the plant would be idle, "eating its head off." The one week's product, of course, to which we have reference, is presupposed to be without blemish, which the Avenue 20 experience renders doubtful.

Why this disposition to help Los Angeles unload a mechanical corpse on the taxpayers of the county? If the plant is so good and such a bargain why this anxiety to get rid of it? Beware the Greeks carrying gifts. We are told that the city is "anxious to make an immediate sale of the plant" because it needs ready cash. Is it, then, an altruistic motive that prompts the liberal act on the part of the supervisors? Commendable, perhaps, but costly for the taxpayers. Will the county board explain what it expects to do with this proposed \$550,000 purchase? Why stop at the cement plant? There is other aqueduct junk the city would like to exchange for cash and since the supervisors are easy marks why not keep things moving in their direction while the going is good?

Perhaps, a job lot of scrapers can be unearthed from the sand dunes beyond Mohave that the accommodating supervisors will take over at a third off for cash. Or a few bonds a trifle worn at the edges, with accrued interest. County taxes need a little stimulating influence of the kind to preclude their stagnation. Above all, we need a tainted cement plant. What matters it if the output is a little shady. Surely, in the one week in fifty-two, by judicious experiments, the product may pass inspection. Wasteful? Yes, but it will not do to let a \$550,000 purchase remain idle. Keep the machinery going and the upkeep cost on an even keel no matter what becomes of the cement. Possibly, we can dispose of it at the port of Los Angeles for ship ballast.

ADDING TO HIS PERSONAL MACHINE

CANNY Governor Johnson! The latest "reward" for services rendered is extended to the managing editor of the Sacramento Bee, a staunch administration paper, who is given the portfolio of state controller, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of A. B. Nye. We recently called attention to the fact that every one of the six men named to the superior bench in this county is of the third party persua-

sion, whose ability to do the appointive power a good turn politically is not questioned. It is a beautiful personal machine the governor is perfecting.

Illustrative of the buncombe involved in Gov. Johnson's visit to Southern California, prior to the announcement of the six favorite sons, is the naive admission of one of the new judges that the governor had intimated before coming south that his name would not be sent in until next October. We mention this because the executive was careful to give out that his visit to Los Angeles was for the purpose of sifting the tentative candidates and choosing only the best material. It is evident that his selections were all made long in advance and that his visit for that alleged purpose was for the sake of appearances only. One of his appointees undoubtedly was chosen last fall when as a primary candidate he retired from the field "under orders." He, too, had his reward.

This is not to say the six new judges will not prove satisfactory on the bench. They are of good average material, but thoroughly partisan. There were half a dozen better read lawyers, not of the acceptable faith, whose claims were ignored by the governor and the inference is strong that their political predilections militated against their appointment. Perhaps, this is the governor's idea of a non-partisan bench. If his followers had been head-and-shoulders above other candidates there would be less disposition to carp, but mediocrity, plus partisanship, reveals the hollowness of the governor's pretenses. He is the governor, not for the entire state, but for his particular adherents. A state, too, that indorsed his vice-presidential aspirations by 174 majority.

BANKER FORGAN AS A MARPLOT

CONSIDERING how ineffectual have been the attempts to attain currency reform in the last twenty years the delegates to the American Bankers' Association conference at Chicago showed praiseworthy discrimination in tabling the resolution of Mr. Forgan, a well-known Chicago banker, memorializing congress not to act pending the drafting of a new bill by the association's currency committee. Instead, it is likely that the delegates will adopt a recommendation urging that the Owen-Glass bill be modified in the manner of selecting the federal reserve board; substituting a central bank of reserve instead of the twelve regional reserve banks proposed and limiting the powers of the reserve board by giving the projected advisory council of bankers veto power.

We imagine that if the last named stipulation were granted the federal reserve board, despite its political menace, would be accepted since the insurance contained in the advisory board veto would ever prove an obstacle to dangerous initiative measures. There is diverse opinion even among the bankers as to the greater desirability of a central bank of reserve over the regional plan. The latter has many earnest advocates on the theory that sectional reserve banks would naturally be in closer touch with the banking needs of the particular district than a central institution far removed. Of course, the idea of compelling national banks to subscribe for the capital stock of the reserve banks without giving any control in return is unpalatable. The veto power, however, would make even that pill easier to swallow.

We regard it as unfortunate that President Forgan of the First National Bank of Chicago should have been so indiscreet as to divulge the result of his interview with Chairman Glass of the house committee on banking and currency. Forgan told the delegates that it was not their fault that the bill now before congress was drafted by men who knew nothing about the subject with which they were dealing. He added: "I talked with the chairman of the house committee in charge of the bill and he wrung his hands in despair and admitted he was incompetent to deal with the problem." Naturally, Glass is resentful and is quoted as angrily replying: "I modestly said to Mr. Forgan, that not being a practical banker, I felt myself at great disadvantage in dealing with the question. That was said in the privacy of my

room. His statement as quoted is as false as his violation of personal privacy is gross." It is a pity that Mr. Forgan allowed himself to make such a statement, even if it were absolutely true. To humiliate Chairman Glass publicly is not the most approved way of gaining such concessions as the bankers' currency conference seeks. It is feared that the Chicago banker has proved a marplot.

CALL PROJECTED INTO EVENING FIELD

SAN FRANCISCO, it seems, is to undergo an experience similar to that effected in Los Angeles when Gen. Otis eliminated the morning Herald from the field, by selling its franchise to Mr. Hearst, together with the plant. The latter was utilized by the new owner to continue publication of the Herald as an evening paper in which new field it has attained a measureable success. At any rate it has run up a large circulation on an aimless policy and an absence of serious editorials, flubdub and syllabub, in the news columns, apparently catching the public fancy.

Col. DeYoung has eliminated the Call from the morning field, but Mr. F. W. Kellogg of Pasadena, it is announced, is to continue publication of the Call as an evening paper and there are those who insist that the real owner is Mr. Hearst. Knowing the shrewdness of Mr. Kellogg, in estimating the opportunities for a successful venture of the kind, we are inclined to believe that he is too astute a newspaperman to sink his own money in so questionable an enterprise. Questionable, because San Francisco merchants are unable to support the three evening papers already in the field and why another, unless of the Hearst flubdub kind, it is difficult to say. A better evening paper than the San Francisco Post will be costly to produce. It is well-edited, newsy and clean, in marked contradistinction to the Bulletin, whose columns have reeked with filth of late. The Scripps one-cent News completes the trio of contenders.

Into this coterie it is proposed to inject a fourth evening paper. With philosophic comment the Post receives the announcement, but the Bulletin is not so graciously disposed. Its publisher is perturbed, its editor wrathful, for it is in that direction the new Hearst paper is sure to make inroads. The Post as a conservative sheet has a legitimate constituency; the hoi polloi and libidinous, to which the Bulletin caters, being naturally fickle, will quickly desert to the newer entertainer and it will be a continuous struggle to see which shall make the ultimate gains. Judging by the Herald's success the Call will give the Bulletin many unhappy nights. As for the merchants, heaven help them! Their promised surcease was a flash in the pan; they are now to be hit harder than ever.

ROOSEVELT WORRIES PARTY REGULARS

HOMEWARD bound from his Hopi snake dance outing, Col. Roosevelt was asked in Chicago if he were in favor of a merger of the Progressives and Republicans, to which he replied, "Only in the event the Republicans accept the entire Progressive platform and principles." In spite of this attitude it is alleged that the colonel is planning to enter the Republican presidential primaries in 1916 in the hope of capturing the Republican nomination. This rumor at the national capital is said to have reached the proportions of a well-settled conviction. To avoid this possibility the Republican National Committee has been asked to meet in October or November to discuss plans for rehabilitating the organization.

It is admitted that the colonel will prove a dangerous factor in the situation if he can force his name on the ballot in the presidential primary states. With the growing popularity of the presidential primary it is morally certain that by 1916 practically all the states will have provided for the election of delegates to the national convention by popular vote. Unquestionably, many of those who followed Roosevelt into the Progressive party will incline to support him again and would prefer to vote for him as a nominal Republican, rather than as a third party man.

How to keep Roosevelt's name off the ticket is the

problem that is worrying the "regulars," who realize that there is not a tentative candidate in the party able to make a winning race in the Republican primaries with Roosevelt as a contender for the party nomination. His name on the ticket would prove a tower of strength to Progressive candidates for the United States senate, who fear to make the straight race on the third party ticket. Perhaps, in avoiding attendance at the birthday celebration of the Progressive party at Chicago September 1 the colonel was wise. He has been quoted as saying that he has never left the Republican party, that it left him; that he would have received the nomination if the party leaders had played fairly and the results of the election proclaimed his strength with the rank-and-file Republicans. The colonel is a canny politician. He is likely to catch the nomination "coming and going." He is sure of the Progressive nomination, if he wants it; he may capture the Republican vote at the primary.

PRIZE FIGHTING MUST TAKE THE COUNT

EFFORTS of Senator Brown to abolish the state law legalizing prize fighting are amply justified by the tragedy at Vernon arena last week when a terrific right upper cut from the gloved fist of one pugilist sent his opponent to the boards with a knock-out blow that induced cerebral hemorrhage following concussion of the brain caused by the fall. Trephining of the patient's skull produced no relief and after lingering a few hours the pugilist took the eternal count. How he received his death blow, in the middle of the eleventh round, is thus described:

Young had adopted rushing tactics, and Willard, timing his charges, met one with a fearful right uppercut. The blow landed squarely on the point of his opponent's chin, stopping him dead in his tracks. Young's whole frame quivered. His knees sagged, and as he sank to the canvas his body seemed to "buckle." He sat on his haunches, swaying, and finally flopped backward to the mat, unconscious.

Butchered to make a Roman holiday! It is only a few weeks ago that a similar tragic ending came to a prize fighter in Calgary, the survivor, acquitted of the charge of manslaughter, being matched, oddly enough, to fight the winner of last night's contest who is now called to face trial on a like charge. Needless to say, the proposed match is off. Whether or not Willard will fare as well as Pelkey remains to be seen. In Canada as in California prize fighting is authorized by statute. It is stated that the Los Angeles victim was in good condition in the round preceding the final one and that his death was the result of the fall rather than a direct concomitant of the blow under the chin. So long as the state law recognizes prize fighting it must also allow for the "accidents" that are inseparable from the "sport." A verdict of involuntary manslaughter may be returned against Willard, but the promoter, the referee and others, served with warrants as accessories, would seem to have been engaged in a perfectly lawful occupation.

But what a banal occupation! Prize fighting is the last authorized form of brute force to survive the ameliorating influences of refined humanity. The duel long ago was abolished; bull-fighting, cock-fighting and chicken-fighting still have sway in the Latin American countries, but fistic encounters in Christian America where the victor is he who can administer the worse punishment to his adversary have managed to retain their grip on the statutes. Is it not time to give the alleged sport its legal coup de grace? It is useless to prate of the noble art of self-defense. That is sheer buncombe. The attendants at a prize fight hold no highfalutin' notions in regard to the spectacle they have paid to witness. Partisanship rules strong and the uppermost thought is "punishment to the other fellow." The more brutal the encounter the more enjoyable the sensations, viewed as a value-received affair. The old Romans at the arenic contests never displayed greater callousness in their "thumbs down" attitude toward the defeated gladiator than do the modern devotees of the squared ring. For the betterment of humanity the law legalizing prize fighting should be repealed.

Henry Arthur Jones Does Things He Scorns---By Randolph Bartlett

HENRY Arthur Jones is the highest type of the successful modern dramatist, for he has achieved success without catering to the great mentally unwashed at the same time that he has refused to identify himself with any "uplift movement." Yet his eminence as a dramatist is not so circumscribed as that of Shaw, who must be regarded primarily, after all, as a man of letters or social philosopher, nor so limited as that of Pinero who will scarcely be outlived by his plays. Jones, unlike the majority of the temporarily successful playwrights, does not live in mortal terror of ideas; opposed to the majority of the "advanced" dramatists of the day, he does not believe in allowing ideas to obscure the story to which they owe their being. Thus, while few of the works of the great Englishman would be admitted to the new drama of ideas, at the same time they are literature in every sense of the word. "Mrs. Dane's Defense," for example, is the best and most popular of the Jones dramas, and while it does not enunciate any revolutionary principle, rather stands up for conventionality and the reign of law in fact, still the literary connoisseur finds in it as much pleasure as does the seeker after mere entertainment.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find Mr. Jones, in a brilliant preface to his newest play, "The Divine Gift," cudgelling unmercifully the advocates of the "highbrow" drama; the amusing thing is that, after devoting about half of this delectable volume to the devastation of these forces, he introduces, in the latter half, a play which, if not admitted to the fellowship that has just been excoriated, must be cast into the outer darkness. It is as if he had said: "Your drama of ideas is impossible; here's the way you should do it." Indeed, he has shown how quite effectively, stinting ideas neither in the play nor in its dedicatory preface. He says emphatically, though with a touch of sardonic humor, that the play is intended for the stage, intimating that in this respect it is unlike those at which his finely sharpened barbs of satire have been aimed. Perhaps, therefore, the logical course to pursue would be to examine the play itself, before considering the elaborate argument which precedes it.

In "The Divine Gift" the central figure is one of Mr. Jones' favorite types—the character of which Clayton Hamilton speaks in "The Theory of the Theater" in showing the influence great actors often exert upon dramatists, saying: "Many of the most effective dramas of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones have been built around the personality of Sir Charles Wyndham. The part is always a gentleman of the world, who understands life because he has lived it, and is 'wise with the quiet memory of old pain.' He is moral because he knows the futility of immorality. He is lonely, lovable, dignified, reliable and sound. By serene and unobtrusive understanding he straightens out the difficulties in which the other people of the play have wilfully become entangled. He shows them the error of their follies, preaches a worldly-wise little sermon to each one, and sends them back to their true places in life, sadder and wiser men and women." The character of Andrew Cutler in "The Divine Gift" could not have been more concisely described after a reading of the play itself, which was still three years unborn when Mr. Hamilton wrote these words. Compare with them, Cutler's own estimate of himself, and as he is a master of analysis his appraisal is excellent:

CUTLER: I have lived. But I've had no fever of life for twenty-five years. I found a panacea.

LORA: A panacea?

CUTLER: When I was thirty-five, I looked round and asked what was the best thing I could wish for myself in life.

LORA: And what was that?

CUTLER: To possess my own soul. I had a good constitution; no overmastering passions, and a very comfortable fortune. I permitted myself no vice, and every luxury: the luxury of leisure; the luxury of a serene mind; the luxury of clear thinking; the luxury of the apt word; the luxury of the chiselled phrase; a little love, much friendship; a little science, much literature; a little art, much music; the best editions; fine glass, fine china, fine silver, fine linen, rare vintages.

Verily a sybarite among Solomons, and a Solomon among sybarites. Two women have found in Cutler a trustworthy adviser in times of trouble. One is Evie Janway, his ward, whose manifest destiny is to be a decoration to society. She is charming in appearance and manner, has just enough woman's wit to make her superior to the average woman in society. That is her divine gift. The other woman is a genius of song. After a hard, early life, as the daughter of the lion tamer in a circus, she worked her way upward until she is the idol of the public, the whole world of art at her feet. That is her divine gift. Yet neither of these women can realize that through the exercise of this special gift, which

means the possession of her own soul even as Cutler has learned to possess his, will she reach the highest expression of her life.

Evie Janway is married to a carpet manufacturer, who precipitates a domestic tragedy by deliberately bringing to dinner a bourgeois couple, financially useful to him, the same evening that Evie is entertaining a violinist and another artist. It is the end of all things. Mrs. Janway insists that they shall be divorced, and he agrees. Lora Delmar, the singer, has for five years been the innamorata of George Norton, a wealthy man of leisure, who has abandoned his wife for her, but Lora learns that he has taken up with a flamboyant concert hall singer "who dresses in red and yellow feathers, like a parrot." Because of this, Lora cancels her concert tour, and declares that she cannot sing again, unless Norton will return to her. Alternately, Evie and Lora come to Cutler for advice, sympathy and help, but neither is encouraged. To Evie he declares that the career for which she is ambitious, even if she could attain success in it, would be unsatisfying. She insists upon a great future, or at least the privilege of inspiring a man, if he would share his fame with her, but she resents her guardian's suggestion that she inspire Janway to make better carpets. She longs for the secret of success in art, and Jones-Wyndham-Cutler makes this rather remarkable definition of the source of art, employing for his illustration a fine azalea in a pot:

Art is a flower that bursts out in a nation, or an individual, just where the vigor and health of the stem begin to exhaust themselves and die in bloom and perfume. It springs from—(digging up the earth in the pot). It is nourished by the mud and manure and corruption of life. There's a lot of manure round these roots. Do you want to see it?

Evie is properly disgusted, as will be most creative artists, but those who want to feel easy in their scorn of the statement would do well simply to do their scorning in a lump, and not try to establish the fallacy of the viewpoint by applying it to nations, families or individuals. Such is Evie's course, and she insists that she feels within her that which simply cannot fail her in the working out of her great career.

With Lora Delmar he takes a different attitude, for her divine gift being of a different sort it necessitates a distinctive treatment. He enlarges upon the triumphs in her career, and assures her that if she abandons it because of this shipwreck of her love she cannot fail to regret it. But the career means as little to her as Evie's divine gift meant to that ambitious young woman, and she declares that she cannot go on unless she wins back Norton's affection from his "parquet." Cutler has had a note from Norton and expects him at dinner that evening, so arranges that Lora shall meet him, and promises to do all he can to show the errant lover the mistake he is making in leaving the glorious Lora for her somewhat sordid substitute.

With evening and the second act come the men, also seeking advice of the sage. It is not quite clear what Janway's divine gift is, unless it be for business and the making of carpets. He corroborates Evie's report, that they simply cannot get along together, and after a long discussion of masculine morals, Cutler agrees to assist in the divorce settlements. Janway is to "take some person down to Brighton" and be discovered, to furnish the necessary evidence, and everything is to be conducted on the most amicable basis possible.

Norton's divine gift also has been trampled upon by its possessor, but that is all past. He was well equipped for a parliamentary career but he discovered that "the country was in for a blanky period of blanky legislation by blanky persons and blanky methods," so he left the science of government to others, and devoted himself to a life of leisure. To Cutler he admits that if he is not ashamed of himself for the manner in which he has thrown away his life, and for his preference of the parquet to Lora Delmar, he ought to be, but this does not alter his decision. He has simply tired of his brilliant companion, and is seeking a lower level. Lora comes, and because he cannot answer her pleadings, he pretends to agree to give up the parquet and return to her, but she discovers that all the while he is preparing to carry out his plans for leaving England with the other woman the next day. This naturally ends her struggle to recall him, and the act closes with the two couples well on the way to permanent separation, at least three of them having thrown divine gifts overboard as so much impedimenta in the business of living.

The third and last act finds Lora about six months later, at the home of the sage, who has been traveling. So far she has carried out her determination to abandon her career, but has been helping a young

composer, John Treganza, with a new opera, "Fair Rosamond," which promises well. She tells Cutler she must be "moving on" although she has no especial end in view, but rather proposes to "let life do what it likes with me, and carry me where it pleases." She is fortified in her determination to go, by the fact that the young composer also has imperiled his divine gift by falling in love with her, and as she cannot reciprocate his affection, she does not want this disappointment to affect the young man's career. She is certain that her love for Norton is dead and that she feels for him only "a little tenderly and pityingly." He has had a hard time with his paroquet. They went to Italy, Norton fell ill with typhoid and was not expected to live, so the woman stole everything negotiable he had, and left him to his fate. He has returned to England, sadder, sicker and wiser.

Mrs. Janway arrives. She went to Switzerland to develop her voice, and there was made the object of a plot of her unscrupulous violinist friend, who placed her in a compromising situation which has become public gossip. In order to set herself right it is necessary for Janway to take her back. Meanwhile, the husband has kept his part of the agreement, taken "some person down to Brighton" and there been seen by his curate, so it places him in an equivocal position if the divorce proceedings are not continued. Still, he is a man of peace, and with all his protests it is apparent that he is glad to have Evie back, so that part of the problem is settled, and Evie will rescue her divine gift after all the storm through which it has passed.

Norton comes to plead with Lora to take him back, but Cutler, the self-constituted guardian of divine gifts, is so confident that the singer also will regain hers that he advises against such a move. However, Norton appeals to Lora on the ground of his great need of her, and at last she gives a reluctant consent. Cutler is informed and will have none of it. He almost turns Norton out of the house, after which Lora confesses that her love for the man is dead but she "can't bear to see him suffer, and not try to help him." Cutler convinces her this is wrong, and that she has her own life to live. She studies the matter calmly and then agrees never to see Norton again. Her divine gift, too, is saved from the wreck, by this realization that Norton has gone out of her life, and the play closes to the sound of her voice, deep and rich, as she sings Fair Rosamond's song from the opera which she has done so much to inspire.

Now, Mr. Jones having inveighed against the tendency of the drama of ideas in his preface, and having written this play as his exposition of how such dramas should be constructed, it is pertinent to make a few inquiries as to how far he has carried out in the play the principles he has enunciated in the argument. Chief of the indictments of the ultra modern play in this essay is that as it aims at absolute realism of dialogue, as if taken down by an eavesdropping stenographer, the dialogue becomes almost banal, it is so commonplace. There is scarcely a line worth remembering. It is not literature. This, surely, cannot be said of "The Divine Gift." There are many passages of unusual force, and certainly it has a polished style.

His next accusation is "that too often the idea upon which the drama is based, takes absolute control of the author. 'Some dramatists are so enamored of ideas that instead of riding them, they offer them a back, and beseech their ideas to mount them and scour the broad land. Wisdom hails them in vain, nor will they heed any warning from this small weak voice.' It is doubtful if Mr. Jones can escape his own censure in this play. There is no point in the three acts at which the audience is permitted to escape the realization that the promotion of the conservation of divine gifts is the theme. It is found even in the interludes which I have not mentioned, wherein Cutler is dictating to his secretary passages for his book on "The Future of the Human Race." He seeks to show that the revolt of labor and the revolt of women are nothing more nor less than efforts to escape the functions for which nature intended them. They do not want to employ their divine gifts, but seek to develop new ones. There is considerable excellent satire in these passages, but never does the motive of the play become secondary. If ever a dramatist "offered a back" to an idea, Mr. Jones has done it here. Yet I had not heretofore considered this a fault, providing always that the idea is worthy of dramatization. The dramatist ridden by his idea is not necessarily riding to a fall. The brilliant author is too modest when, in speaking of his play he says: "I would not have dared to offer a play to you without some infusion of ideas. I hope they will be found to blend naturally with the action of the play." They not merely blend; they are the action.

This leads to his other objection, that much of the modern drama of ideas is entirely propagandic, de-

voted entirely to debates on "burning questions of the hour," regardless of action or any other dramatic requisites. Yet if the drama is to be literature, and is to contain speeches worth remembering, must this not be the case to a great degree? It is unworthy of Mr. Jones for him to drag in poor old Shakespeare, who is invariably used to rebuke modern dramatists, drawing attention to the fact that he did not write concerning current controversies. The Shakespeare fetich is almost worn out, and it will not be many years before the Bard will settle down into the place where he now belongs, merely as a great poet. For centuries his dramas were popular on the stage, for lack of better. Now, however, that it has been discovered that the business of the drama lies directly with social conditions of the day, how many Shakespearean productions are successful? Only a great stage spectacle, or the presence of famous actors in the cast can draw the crowds, in this country at least. The propagandic drama may not live so long as that of Shakespeare, but if it be vital at the time it is produced this does not prove its inferiority. It may be a fine thing for a dramatist to write a play which will live forever, but not more than one or two men in a generation can hope to do so. The capacity for inspired expression of the spirit of the present time is a talent of scarcely lower order. Of course if the two things can be combined, the world has a miracle of art, but it is rather unfair to criticize the dramatic renaissance, for which Mr. Jones expresses such scorn, according to such an exalted standard.

As further illustration of which, witness Mr. Jones' own work in "The Divine Gift." It is purely a product of today. When the social conditions giving rise to it have developed further, as is inevitable, it will all seem rather strange and remote. And as for action, it has almost none, and could have been written in two short acts, only for the long debates upon the function of man, the value of love, the life of the artist, and so on.

It is doubtful if Mr. Jones means all he seems to say in this preliminary argument, and he employs scintillating satire so freely throughout that it is at times a little bewildering to try to decide whether he is grinning or preaching. Ostensibly, it is a reply to Professor Gilbert Murray of Oxford, who recently declared Mr. Jones defunct as a dramatist. At least, the corpse makes a strong case for exhumation, for if he was buried by Professor Murray, he must have been buried alive. Altogether, Mr. Jones in this volume has written a powerfully suggestive essay, and a play which is not only a worthy contribution to the drama of ideas, but which contains such an array of interesting characters, that notwithstanding the fact that the story is intrinsically uninteresting, and told almost entirely in the dialogue instead of in the action, it should be welcomed by intelligent playgoers.

("The Divine Gift," by Henry Arthur Jones. George H. Doran Company.)

STAGE SOUVENIRS OF A CENTURY

OLD Greenwich Village, one of the oldest and quaintest spots in New York, is losing one after another its famous landmarks as business encroaches upon it. It is an old part of town. The crisscross streets seem to follow a law of their own. At their intersection with Greenwich avenue many of them turn upon themselves so that at one point West Tenth street which normally runs parallel with West Fourth street, cuts it at right angles. At the place where Greenwich avenue loses itself in Eighth avenue there is a tiny triangular square, called Jackson square. Fronting this in the middle of the short block which ends at Thirteenth street are two old houses that used to be peaceful and quiet residences.

Forty-three years ago there came from Newark, N. J., Mr. Charles Britting who established a restaurant on the ground floor of these two houses. He paid a hundred dollars a month for his quarters then and he was still paying that amount when ownership of the building changed, and he was forced a few weeks ago to move out. No sign marked the outside of the restaurant. But it has been well known for a goodly number of years. Observant persons always stopped to look in the windows for in them was a curious assortment of old pictures and old bills.

At first glance it seemed like an old auction room or place where curious second hand things were stored. The faces of Maxine Elliott and Julia Marlowe stared at one out of old faded frames as they appeared in quite another day. Faded old bills bore dates of long ago. Peering in through door or window one could see that the walls were covered from floor to ceiling with similar pictures and bills. Collecting these mementoes was the hobby of the man who ran the little place famous alike for its wonderful collection and for its good old fashioned cooking. A number of years ago a popular comedian who frequented the place called it "The Little Hall of Fame" and by that name it has since been known, even without a sign, for more than a generation.

But now it is a thing of the past. Mr. Britting will no longer keep a restaurant. He has retired from business.

Even Mr. Britting himself hardly realized the scope of the collection until he was forced to pack the things into boxes preparatory to moving them to his new quarters in Horatio street. The collection is so complete that it might well form the basis of a stage history of New York City. So long as he kept the old place Mr. Britting did not sell his playbills, but now that he can no longer show them properly he is willing to part with them and collectors of dramatic material who for years have had their eyes on his treasures are eagerly making their way to the new place in Horatio street in the hope of picking up part of the plunder. So far as Mr. Britting is concerned the bills have served their purpose. Many of them have laid the foundation for very pleasant friendships. Actors whose names are printed large have often wended their steps to the little out-of-the-way place to talk over old times and from these visits have grown many delightful associations.

Most of the bills were given Mr. Britting by his stage friends. The collection is especially rich in bills of minstrel shows, for he knew most of the old time minstrels intimately. One of the most prized of these gifts was the skull of a dog sent him by Joseph Jefferson with a charming letter. It was saved from a fire in Louisville and is the skull of Jefferson's little dog Schneider. Among the interesting names that appear on the bills are those of Forrest, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Charlotte Cushman, Clara Morris, Buffalo Bill. The mention of Clara Morris seems almost the first to be made of her name. It is dated 1866 and she appears as Moke's Wife in "Narcisse" at Crosby's theater, Chicago.

One of the bills is for Dan Rice's show at the National Theater, Philadelphia, March, 1860. Tony Pastor was announced to appear as a clown "In quaint and inimitable drolleries interspersed with song, anecdote and wit." Not long after this Tony Pastor had his own theater in the Bowery and on one of his programmes he advertised "60 hams distributed on Monday evenings, 10 barrels of flour given away on Wednesdays, orders for ten tons of coal given away on Fridays." The souvenir idea is thus not a new thing in the theater though the extremely practical turn of the gifts offered by Mr. Pastor suggests rather interesting things regarding the change that has taken place in audiences since those days.

Occasionally, Mr. Britting purchased bills at auctions. At one of these he made a real find. It is a small hand bill dated November 12, 1753. It advertised the play of the old Nassau Street Theater which preceded the historic John Street theater and it was perhaps the first successful house in New York City. It reads: "By a company of Comedians at the New Theater in Nassau street, this evening being the 12th of November, will be presented, an Historical Play, called King Richard III, to be added, the farce, 'The Devil to Pay.' Prices Boxes six shillings; pit four shillings; gallery two shillings. N. B. Gentlemen and Ladies that choose tickets may have them at Mr. Parker's and Mr. Gaine's printing office. To begin at 6 o'clock."

New York, Aug. 25, 1913. ANNE PAGE.

GRAPHITES

Come you back you Wilson envoy, come you back from Vera Cruz,
For Mr. Wilson's friendly acts I'm ready to enthuse;
My minister, Gamboa, was fooling, sure enough,
And running what Americans would call a "leetle bluff."

There is to be a baby prize contest at the Panama-Pacific exposition. Gradually, the real status of the 1915 fair at San Francisco is being unfolded.

Diaz gave us the right tip, after all, when he said that Huerta is constitutionally excluded from being a candidate for president in October. Not that the Mexican constitution troubles Huerta as a rule.

Thaw is shivering in his boots! His nemesis, William Travers Jerome, is again on his trail, having been entrusted with the task of getting his former victim back to the asylum where he originally had him committed.

It required the help of Southern California to do justice to the dedication of the new "palace of peace" at The Hague. Madam Tingley and twenty-four of her students at Point Loma sung a peace ode following the addresses. This may properly be regarded as an interesting epeacode.

Those three pieces of Spanish cannon recovered from Eaton's canyon have lain there since the bloody battle of San Gabriel in 1846 when the Americans won a victory without shedding a drop of blood. As a peace trophy one of them should be forwarded to Secretary Bryan.

JUDGE TERRY'S CAREER RECALLED

IN his booklet of interesting reminiscences of his sixty-four years of residence in California 1849-1913, Lell Hawley Woolley, a member of the Society of California Pioneers and of the Vigilance committee of 1856, gives a brief but succinct account of the Terry and Hopkins affair, the duel between Terry and United States Senator Broderick and the causes which led to the shooting of Terry by Justice Field's body guard. Writes Woolley:

June 2, 1856, San Francisco was in great excitement at an attempt by David S. Terry to stab Sterling A. Hopkins, a member of the committee. Terry was one of the judges of the supreme court. Hopkins and a posse were arresting Rube Maloney when set upon by Terry. Hopkins was taken to Engine House No. 12 where Dr. R. Beverley Cole examined and cared for his wound which was four inches deep and caused considerable hemorrhage. The blade struck Hopkins near the collar bone and severed parts of the left carotid artery and penetrated the gullet. Terry and Maloney fled to the armory of the "Law and Order Party" on the corner of Jackson and Dupont streets. The alarm was at once sounded on the bell at Fort Gunnybags and in less than fifteen minutes armed details were dispatched to and surrounded the headquarters of the "Law and Order Party" where Terry had taken refuge, and in less than half an hour had complete control of the situation.

* * *

By 4:15 o'clock in the afternoon Terry and Maloney and the others found there had been taken to the committee rooms as well as the arms (a stand of 300 muskets) and ammunition. About 150 "Law and Order" men together with about 250 muskets were also taken from the California exchange. Several other places were raided and stripped of their stands of arms. Terry was held by the Vigilance committee until August 7 and charged with attempt to murder. Mr. Hopkins recovered and Terry, after a fair and impartial trial, was discharged from custody, though many were dissatisfied at his dismissal and claimed that he should have been held. Terry was requested to resign and resigned his position as judge of the Supreme Court.

In 1859 Judge Terry had an altercation with United States Senator Daniel C. Broderick which caused the former to challenge the latter to a duel. This duel which was with pistols was fought September 13, 1859, near Lake Merced, near the present site of the Ocean House. It resulted in Broderick's death, whose last words were, "They killed me because I was opposed to a corrupt administration and an extension of slavery." Terry was indicted for his duel with Broderick, as it came in conflict with the state laws. The case was transferred to another county, Marin, and there dismissed. During the Civil War Terry joined the Confederate forces, attained the rank of brigadier-general and was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga. At the close of the conflict he repaired to California and in 1869 located at Stockton and resumed the practice of the legal profession. Several years later he became advocate for a woman who was one of the principals in a noted divorce suit. Subsequently, she became his wife. Legal contention arising from the first marriage caused her to appear before the circuit court held in Oakland, over which Stephen J. Field, associate justice of the United States supreme court, presided.

* * *

In open court the justice proceeded to read the decision. As he continued, the tenor was manifestly unfavorable to Mrs. Terry. She suddenly arose and interrupted the reading by violently upbraiding Field. He ordered her removed from the judicial chamber. She resisted, and Terry coming to his wife's assistance, drew a knife and assaulted the bailiffs. He was disarmed, and together with his wife, overpowered and secured. The court of three judges sentenced Mrs. Terry to one month, and her husband to six months imprisonment, which they served in full. Justice Field returned to Washington, and the next year in fulfillment of his official requirements came again to California. He had been informed that Terry uttered threats of violence against his person, and therefore he was accompanied by a man employed by the government to act in the capacity of body-guard.

On the journey from Los Angeles to San Francisco, Field and his companion, with other passengers, left the train to lunch at Lathrop. Terry and his wife, who had boarded the cars in route, also left the cars and shortly afterward entered the same restaurant. A few minutes later Terry arose from his seat, walked directly back of Field and slapped or struck the venerable justice in the face, while he was seated. Nagle, the guard who attended Field, leaped to his feet and shot Terry twice. Terry fell and died instantly. This event occurred August 15, 1889, not quite thirty years from the time he shot Broderick.



Sorrowing For Martin Chase

There is genuine mourning in club circles and among the high officials of the Santa Fe railway over the death of the companionable Martin Chase whose untimely death resulting from an operation for appendicitis is a grievous shock to his many friends in Los Angeles and Southern California. It was only a week ago that he was at the California Club enjoying a game of bridge with his friends, resting on his way to San Diego, where he succumbed. Of the brilliant Chase family of Riverside he was greatly beloved of his three surviving brothers. To them and to the family I express the sorrow we all feel in the deprivation by death of one of the most amiable as well as one of the most considerate of young men. Quiet, thoughtful and studious, he was at the same time full of human qualities that attracted and endeared him to all who were privileged to have his friendship.

McDonald Taylors in France

Writing from Gavarnie, France, Russ Taylor assures me that he has found that place a delightful spot in which to rest after fourteen days of continuous motoring from Paris, via Normandy, Brittany, the chateau country and Biarritz. He says "We struck some heat and much dust. Found the fashionable French beach resorts lively and decidedly interesting. This part of the country is beautiful, but the people are not quite so picturesque as we had hoped to find them. Mrs. Taylor and I are enjoying the best of health." Russ does not say when they will be home.

Dreyfuses Homeward Bound

For the last two months of their year's sojourn abroad, passed in hard study, Louis and Estelle Dreyfuses have been staying at picturesque Vitzrau, on Lake Luzerne. They have had as near neighbors the Bilickes who have been charmed by the surroundings. The Dreyfuses planned to be back in Paris by August 15, and had passages booked for New York in time to land them home by September 6. So next week we may look for these two popular Los Angeles artists.

Let Us Have McGroarty on Norton

I am sorry to notice that the Los Angeles literary reviewers (what few there are) have not seen fit to devote much attention to Attorney Henry K. Norton's daring history of California, in which he was so bold as to strip a considerable amount of the gilding of romance off the early days of the state, in particular as regards the missions. I had expected a seething controversy long before this, but still there is no sign of one. In fact, a certain Los Angeles editor who has offered a story refused it, saying he had to be extremely careful not to offend the Catholics. What an insult to an entire church! I might, for the edification of this editor, remark that notwithstanding the fact that The Graphic published a long analysis of Attorney Norton's work, I still retain a goodly number of Catholic friends, in no way diminished by the fact that I published the news. What I should really like to see is an article by John A. McGroarty on Norton's book, and I offer, for this purpose, the freedom of the columns of The Graphic, without fear of losing subscribers with affiliations in either direction.

Municipal Ownership Talk Revives

San Francisco's four to one vote in favor of extending its municipal street railway system has caused a revival of the proposals to buy out the Huntington lines in Los Angeles. Different conditions obtain here, however, from those which forced San Francisco to go into the trolley business. The management of the United Railroads, ever arrogant, extended down to the least of its employees, and following Calhoun's victory against the prosecutors of the bribery charges, became intensified. Any person who has had any experience with the San Francisco street cars will understand how easy it was to get the people to vote for anything that would mean a change, for any change must be for the better. Insolence to the point often of endangering life and limb, was so common that no person took the trou-

ble to report the conductor or motorman guilty of the offense. It typified the management of the lines. So long as the local trolley system maintains its present high standard of efficiency and consideration for the public needs—of course there are exceptions—it will be difficult to stir up any general demand for municipal lines.

Still Guessing as to Union Oil

Outsiders are still doing a considerable amount of guessing as to the condition of Union Oil, and as the monthly dividends, which heretofore have provided the index, have been discontinued for semi-annual ones, they can only guess. The sale of the company's interest in the Union Oil Building, and its disposal of its subsidiary, the Union Oil Well Supply Company, on the surface bear out the statements of high authorities, that production and transportation of oil are to be the sole business of the company in the future, and also these deals furnish the floating capital necessary to finance its operation without borrowing from banks at the present high call money rates. Through it all there has been no word of question as to the ability or integrity of the guiding hands of the company, in spite of the fact that the stock has dropped in value 50 per cent. Still the outsiders wonder why, but until the first of next year, when the dividends are due again, they can do nothing but guess. Meanwhile, many small holders are selling out, and transactions involving ten shares each and less continue.

Another Heartfelt Tribute to Willie

Fig Tree John of Banning, a relic of the Mission Indian tribe, whose costume is described as a uniform of army blue, stovepipe hat with a red band and yellow shoes has been interviewed by one of Mr. Hearst's young men to whom he confidentially expressed the opinion that help of the Examiner in aiding the Indians was most generous. Fig Tree John, I doubt not, is a constant reader of Mr. Hearst's helpful publications. He is only 102 years of age.

Problem of the Rich Man's Son

It is easy to take a self-righteous, Pharisaical view of the will of the late C. A. Canfield, in which his only son is charged up with \$100,000 which his father expended for him in various ways in his lifetime, and the young man allowed only \$100 a month income until he shows himself capable of handling larger sums of money. Meanwhile, his family is to be cared for out of a fund which would have gone directly to Charles in normal circumstances. In itself the case is purely one where the father had the moral courage to admit publicly his son's incompetence. The inherent problem which is presented in this deplorable incident it, how shall the rich man bring up his son so that he will have a natural desire and talent for a serious vacation? There are many men who are so busy in amassing fortunes that they do not devote the personal attention to their sons that is necessary to the inculcation of the spirit of endeavor. These youths regard father as simply a machine for the grinding out of money, and if they think about his work at all it is only with distaste for anything which can occupy so much time, to the exclusion of all pleasurable activities. They do not see the joy of the toil, because they do not have the opportunity. There is a much higher percentage of incorrigibility among the sons of the rich than is excusable.

Another Idol Shattered

It was rather an uncomfortable shock that was administered to the charitable public this week in the exposures of mismanagement, to say the least, of the funds of Bethlehem Institute. This has always been the pride of the city in the matter of efficient charity, the impression being that there was the least possible expense of administration, and the greatest benefit to the poor to the dollar of donations. However, it is not too late for the fine organization to retrieve, and here is where the value of the municipal charities commission is apparent. Often, the reputation for high efficiency in itself leads to overconfidence and looseness of administration through overconfidence. Bethlehem is unique, and should be perpetuated. Surely, the municipal officials can straighten out the difficulty speedily. It is only fair to Dana Bartlett to say that of late his sphere of influence has taken him far afield, and doubtless he was unaware of conditions at the Institute.

First Defection From Suffrage

In Los Angeles the ways of the woman suffragists have been ways of pleasantness so completely, that it was rather a severe shock when word came from Washington that "Miss Annie Bock of Los Angeles," was advanced by the Antis as a converted suffragist, one who had been active for the cause and found it all wrong. It has stirred up almost a national controversy, the gist of which on the side of the suffragists, is that Miss Bock's arguments are worthless

because she never had any prominent part in any public movement, and they really cannot quite place her. To this Miss Bock's friends make reply that this is simply a "cattish" attempt to try to discredit one whose arguments they cannot answer. Then come the suffragists with the declaration that they would answer Miss Bock's arguments if it could be demonstrated what they are, and they allege that the deserter is satisfied to confine herself to the bald statement that the California test has been an utter failure, and the vote by which the amendment was passed would be reversed if submitted to the people today, because of the votes of the women themselves. This the suffragists laugh to scorn, and there you are. For myself, I cannot quite "place" Miss Bock either, so hesitate to say upon what she bases her declaration that the test has been a failure. Personally, I believe she is mistaken.

At Last the Perfect Platitude

Eureka! For years I have sought it—the perfect platitude, the ultimate in the predication of the obvious, and at last my quest has been successful. Where did I find it? Who could ask? That dear old Los Angeles Times of course, wherein always the dead level of the uninspired soon is reached by the writer, be he enthusiastic tyro or seasoned veteran of the pencil—or typewriter. Here it is, this gem among journalistic efforts at writing down to the level of the mob: "Nothing gives an ocular demonstration of our cosmopolitan growth more than dramatic presentations in foreign tongues, which bring out in great numbers the members of various foreign colonies." One might have looked to find in the Express the same touch of smug self-complacency; or in the Herald the same crudity; or in the Examiner the same servility to "King Boost;" or in the Tribune the same banality of expression; or in the Record the same general absence of an enlightened viewpoint. But where, in all the realms of journalism, does there exist a newspaper with a circulation of more than 50,000 in which you could hope to find all these qualities? The supremacy of the Times is unquestioned.

There Is No Rift in the Gloom

How can such things be? Here we stand, a city claiming the tenth position in point of population in the United States, and yet we tolerate, support, and make great profitable institutions out of newspapers which devote most of their space to such unintelligent communal self-praise as this bit from the Times. There is such a thing as civic pride, and there is such a thing as civic self-pride, which is a different, and dangerous thing. If Los Angeles really is the tenth city in this country in population, isn't it about time for its newspapers to abandon the Dogtown Gazoot idea of journalism?

Respected Even by His Enemies

It is worthy of note that in all this controversy about pugilism, following the death of "Bull" Young after last week's bout at Vernon, there has not been any personal criticism of T. J. McCarey, the local promoter of fistiana. Whatever may be said against "the game," it is admitted even by those most firmly opposed to prize-fighting, that it would be impossible to conduct the bouts in a manner more entirely free from objectionable features than has been the record of McCarey. His "squareness" is proverbial, and his generosity almost a joke, so openhanded is he. McCarey, I happen to know, carries his principles of keeping absolute faith so far that he does not even allow financial loss to himself to interfere with them. When the Los Angeles city council forced the abandonment of the Naud Junction arena by passing a drastic anti-fight ordinance, it was commonly reported at that time that the expenditure of a little money might save the day. Not only did McCarey decline to entertain such a course, but he refused to make use of certain evidence in his possession discrediting a member of the council who was undermining his business. McCarey has always gone his way without reference to what others were doing, and without dabbling in politics, his only motto being, "Fight fair."

GRAPHICALITIES

Now must prize-fighting take the count, the pummeling must cease,
The brutal sport has had its day and ended is its lease;
The last barbaric sport to go it calls for immolation
On grounds of broad humanity—to reach a higher station.

It has come! Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is preparing a biography entitled "The Story of My Life." The public might have been spared this. John Lane ought to have known better.

Pugilist Willard and the brother of the dead fighter fell into the arms of each other and wept when the end was announced. There is nothing unmanly in tears, but it is a pity the cause for them is as it is.

Music



By W. Francis Gates

Musical as well as other affairs give different impressions according to the light in which they are viewed and the distance which intervenes between the onlooker and the object. This is exemplified in the aspects of the Los Angeles orchestra situation as seen from New York and as seen from California. In Musical America, recently, there was an editorial on "The Los Angeles Problem" which gives the editor's ideas on orchestral matters in this city; and in the Musical Review (San Francisco) was a long article by its editor, on "Musical Activities in Los Angeles," a good part of which is devoted to the symphony and the people's orchestras, of Los Angeles. The New York writer presents a general plea for popular orchestral music, evidently without full knowledge as to the details of the local orchestral situation. The San Francisco writer, Alfred Metzger, on the other hand, is in close touch with Los Angeles affairs, knows personally its leading musicians, and the struggles and achievements of the symphony orchestra. He makes frequent visits to Los Angeles, and naturally, his diagnosis is more accurate, even though it may be deemed unpleasant in certain particulars.

Musical America takes the ground that there has been in Los Angeles "a kind of apostolic succession with regard to music and all that pertained to it." The writer bases his article on the premise that there was much public dissatisfaction with the work of the Symphony Orchestra and with its management; that the origination of a popular orchestra was in the nature of a practical protest against high prices and too severe a grade of music; that the public is just standing in line by the thousand to get a chance to buy tickets to a series of popular concerts. The article continues: "At last, however, the worm of democracy has turned. The people with their broader institutions are challenging this fine line of apostolic succession with its narrow appeal and its high prices. People everywhere have begun to make for themselves musical institutions which shall supply the greater number at prices which can be met, and before long a deluge of this nature will be upon the land that will threaten the existence of many of the older and artistically aristocratic organizations. Many worthy persons will experience trepidation. The report from Los Angeles breathes such a note of alarm. Many persons, perhaps, will feel that such a condition as that in Los Angeles represents a falling away from high ideals and high possibilities. The fact is that it represents nothing of the kind."

When the premises of an argument are wrong, the deductions are pretty likely to be incorrect. So in this case. There was no crying demand for a popular orchestra. It was an experiment. In an orchestral light, it made good, but not at all times in the matter of soloists. There was no discontent in Los Angeles with the Symphony Orchestra management—it did itself proud considering its financial struggle. Sixteen years of paying the deficit of an orchestra not fully supported by the public—that is a good record for musical altruism. But there were not enough persons who wanted to hear good music by a good orchestra—that

is the diagnosis in a nut shell. The idea of the popular orchestra was good; the only trouble was that it was put in operation at the wrong time. It was like many things that are good in theory but faulty in practice. Just as soon, however, as there is enough public to support both orchestras properly—then the theory and practice, both, will be good.

No one could foresee that the popular orchestra would subtract just enough of the occupants of the cheaper seats from the symphony concerts to make it impossible, almost, to continue these concerts. But as soon as this was shown, instead of rising to the greater good of Los Angeles, and making a combination of some sort which would give continual life to both orchestras, or to an orchestra made out of the two—instead of this, the management of the popular orchestra practically says, "No, we're the original dog in the musical manger. We can't get paying audiences ourselves, and we don't care a semi-quaver whether the Symphony Orchestra does or not." There was a fine opportunity for an exemplification of that sweet spirit of artistic love and cooperation for "the good-of-music-in-the-southwest" so often paraded. This is seen and understood by Mr. Metzger in his article in the Musical Review: He writes in part:

"Those responsible for the creation of the spirit of competition find bushels of excuses for their action, and succeed in bringing lots of people to their way of thinking—even representative people endowed with musical culture. But so long as the plan is only a pretense and the propelling force behind this creation is merely a disguise for personal aggrandizement as well as commercial self-adulation, then the movement will eventually die of starvation. In a city like Los Angeles there is only room for one symphony orchestra. The talk that the general public wants cheap concerts and would simply flock to these concerts if given an opportunity is all 'tommy-rot.' There does not yet exist among the public in general such an eagerness to listen to the classics. If the backers of the People's Orchestra were really sincere in their purpose to give the public symphony concerts at low prices they would have tried to secure an understanding with the new directory of the Symphony Orchestra to reserve a certain number of seats for people unable to pay for symphony concerts. By combining the two elements the financial success of the symphony concerts would have been assured and the continued prosperity of the organization would have gradually brought symphony concerts within the reach of the masses."

Mr. Metzger has the courage of his convictions. The newspapers here have ignored the subject, fearing to offend the adherents of one orchestra or the other. Mr. Metzger, however, cares not about this. He goes on to show what could have been done, and makes comments which have a basis of fact, though overdrawn in the case of many who support the People's Orchestra. He says: "Such an understanding might also have resulted in a series of public rehearsals which could have been attended by those willing to pay twenty-five cents only, and the ideas of those in favor of people's concerts would have been achieved. No doubt there are many people interested in

this people's orchestra scheme who are very sincere and actually confident in the justice of their cause, but we are certain they are misled by musical politicians who regard their personal advantages above the public welfare. They merely use the public as a means to advance their own interests. It is evident that two organizations cannot sustain themselves independently of each with any final hopes of success. One of the two eventually will have to succumb. The question is, which shall it be? Shall it be the Symphony Orchestra which is now twenty years old, and which is in the care of leading Los Angeles citizens of social and business standing? Or, shall it be a new organization, based upon the spirit of cheapness, both as regards admission price and remuneration paid to soloists, and which is controlled principally by a certain element of the music teachers?"

The Graphic believes the People's Orchestra was organized with no unkind thought toward symphony concerts. Its purpose was to popularize good music. But in order to popularize music you must have audiences. Time proved that the working population of Los Angeles would not pay twenty-five cents each Sunday to hear good music. Twice only did the income meet the expenses, called out by extra good programs. But the public which attended was not of the so-called "working classes"—it was from the public which attends the symphony concerts, well-to-do people. But the continual train of about twenty-eight deficits proved nothing to the management. The concerts will go on, it is stated. The editor of this department of The Graphic for one will hear the orchestra gladly, for most of its work was excellent; and he will regret that the house is not full—and that the symphony concert houses are not full. It would be a joy to see them both overflowing. But he will regret more the lack of farsightedness and of "get-together spirit," too often preached but not always practiced.

Mid-month meetings of the Gamut Club are rivalling in interest the regular dinners of that now famous club. The last one of these informal affairs occurred last week. There were present two visitors of prominence, Carl Faelton, and Herbert Standing, of London. Piano duets were played by Messrs. A. J. Stamm and Henry Schonefeld, and solos by Miss Spangler, a performer of much ability. Mr. Faelton was given a warm greeting and was elected honorary member of the club. In acknowledgment, he played two numbers in his broad, artistic style. Mr. Standing told a number of interesting stories in his inimitable manner and recited Kipling's "Danny Deeveer" to a piano accompaniment by Miss Spangler. The music was written by his son Percy Standing, recently playing with Ethel Barrymore. This incidental music is musically, enjoyable, and does not overload the text with too much noise, as in the case of kindred things. Two baritones were also heard, Fred McPherson and Vernon Campbell, each of whom has an excellent vocal equipment.

Competition for choir talent is a good thing, and there has not been enough of it here. But recently, the West Adams M. E. Church secured the whole quartet of the University M. E. Church, it is understood, at an increased figure. The quartet comprises Grace W. Arnold, soprano, Virgie L. Moore contralto, A. A. Boynton of the Ellis Club, tenor, and Horatio Cogswell, baritone and director. A little salary raising in Methodist choir lofts is not at all out of place and it is well that the brethren are beginning to compete among themselves for good choir material.

Joseph Pierre Dupuy, tenor and conductor, celebrated the twenty-fifth an-

niversary of his musical work in Los Angeles at the Gamut Club, last Monday night. He had called together a score or two of the musicians who had been longest in this city and the event was celebrated in true Gamut style. Mr. Dupuy, of late years, has been a power for musical good in Los Angeles and has always lent his best endeavors to further the musical interests of the city. He is public-spirited and popular and is best known, perhaps, by the long years of directorship of the Euterpean quartet and of the Orpheus Club, both of which he originated.

Sympathy of the entire musical community goes out to Manfredo Chiaffarelli, formerly leader of Ellery's Italian band, now a resident of Venice, in the accidental shooting of his little daughter, last week. The little girl had inherited a strong musical temperament and her death is keenly felt by the idolizing parents. Mr. Chiaffarelli, though quiet and unpretentious, is one of the best band masters in the country and has a large roll of appreciative admirers and friends, who mourn with him.

Fred Blanchard, president of the Young Grandfathers' Association, Limited, has received an application for membership from Len Behymer, with check for initiation fee and current dues. "B" was made eligible last Saturday by his daughter, Mrs. Enid Malcolm, who started the next generation of Behymer descent with a ninepound son. Consequently, any singer from the tall grass can get a date on the Philharmonic course this week—"B" is not asking proofs or credentials from any one. It is a good thing he recently removed into larger offices.

Last week the Ellis Club began its season's rehearsals under Mr. Poulin. The directors desire to increase its membership to one hundred, and second basses and first tenors are most needed. This club should have no difficulty in getting the required voices. The dates for its concerts at the Auditorium are November 11, February 3, April 14 and June 23.

Lyric Club members will soon begin rehearsals. They have secured the Auditorium for November 21, April 3 and June 26, while the Orpheus Club, under J. P. Dupuy, has taken November 14, January 2, March 5 and June 4, for its concerts.

San Diego has heard a number of Los Angeles musicians this summer, among them being J. P. Dupuy, Paloma Schramm, Kathleen Lockhart, C. V. Mills, Lisa Sylvia, Vera Doria, Cyril D. Edwards, Grace Freeby and Margaret McKeen. In the "Stabat Mater," to-morrow, will be heard Blanche Lyons, soprano, Norma Robbins, alto, Roland Paul, tenor and George Frasconi, baritone, with a San Diego chorus of 200 voices. The above talent was engaged through L. E. Behymer.

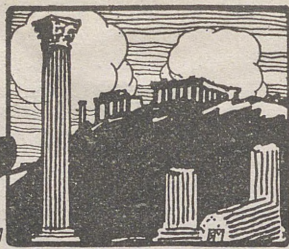
Richard Lucchesi has gone east to try to bring about the production of his opera, "Marquise de Pompadour." It is hoped the managers may find it sufficiently attractive to warrant a production, but the way of the opera transgressor is hard.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
July 21, 1913.

014048. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Charles A. Foote, of Los Angeles, Cal., who, on Oct. 14, 1911, made Homestead entry No. 014048, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 20, W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21, Lot 2, Sec. 28, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 10th day of September, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: E. F. Decker, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Fred Vaughan, of Cornhill, Cal.; Oscar Keffler, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Eugene Kincade, of Los Angeles, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.
General Collection—Copp Gallery.
Art Photography—Royer Gallery.
Ralph D. Miller—Steckel Gallery.

Already, the fall season of gallery exhibits has been ushered in and despite the tropic heat of the last fortnight three worthy collections have been placed on the altar of public favor in down town quarters. The permanent summer showing of the Jules Pages studies in oil at the Steckel Gallery has given place to a collection of the late work of Ralph Davison Miller. This is the first of a long series of one-man shows that Mr. Steckel has booked for his popular gallery in the run of the fall and winter seasons. In the last six months Mr. Miller has passed much time in travel throughout the state and as a result the present showing of nature studies is varied in subject and covers a wide range of territory. "Autumnal Change" is a northern wood interior, rich in color and treated in a skillful manner. "The Opal Pool" is delightful in color and is noteworthy for its well-painted foreground and alluring sky. "Sunset at Arch Rock" is a brilliant long-shore marine. The rugged quality of the rocks in the foreground are well characterized and the full play of color throughout the canvas is well handled. "Moonlight Beach at Carmel" depicts a rocky point, jutting into the rough surf. Weird cypress trees grow in picturesque profusion and a cold foggy moonlight adds charm and mystery to the scene. "Summer's Ending" is a russet harmony of dull rich color and "March Afternoon, Slopes of Mt. Lowe" is a remarkably well considered canvas, notable for its splendid composition. "Sand Dunes at Carmel" is one of the most successful pictures shown at this time. It is a moonlight rendering of rare attainment. "Verdugo Canyon" is a typical Southern California landscape study and "Marine Sunset" and "Near Oceanside" are long-shore studies of fine quality. Only ten canvases are shown but these are all large in size and lack of wall space precludes several more worthy efforts. The Miller collection will be open to the public every day for two weeks and will be followed by an exhibit of the latest work of Mr. Jules Pages.

At last the long waited for event has come to pass and the art lovers of Los Angeles and vicinity are to have the opportunity of meeting Mr. Pages face to face and telling him how much his yearly exhibits have meant to the art life of the community. Unquestionably, Jules Pages is one of the strongest modern painters that California has ever produced. His long residence in Paris and his many successes abroad prove this beyond the shadow of a doubt. For the last five years Mr. Pages has been in charge of the Académie Julian in Paris, but has obtained a temporary leave of absence and has come back to his native state for a much needed rest. Mr. Pages arrived in Los Angeles last week for a stay of several months. While here he will paint California landscape and soon his new canvases will be seen at the Steckel Gallery. Just now Mr. Pages is "seeing California" with his brother-in-law, Mr. A. Fusenot, from the latter's automobile. This artist's work is too well known in Los Angeles to require an eulogy at this time and the coming exhibition will undoubtedly be one of the most important of the year.

The general exhibition of work by

Southwestern painters now on public view at the Copp Gallery on South Broadway is attracting merited attention from local art lovers, despite the fact that many argue with much reason that no one can properly enjoy an art exhibit when the thermometer is trying to decide between 99 and 100 degrees in the shade. About fifty canvases are shown representing nineteen well known painters and it affords me considerable pleasure to announce that the majority of the paintings are new and have never before been seen at a local exhibit. While there are no masterpieces to be found in this collection, I can truthfully say that no frankly bad works are hung, with, perhaps, one or two possible exceptions. I wish to call attention to a few of the noteworthy studies to be seen at this time. Helena Dunlap shows a group of seven sketches that are very attractive to students of modern art. All but two of them have been reviewed previously in The Graphic, although they are new to the public. Mrs. Dunlap's art is still in a state of experiment. She seems unable to decide whether she will remain a "broad worker" or go over to the gulf into post-impressionism.

Florine Hyer shows two poetic rose studies and Herbert W. Faulkner is well represented by a group of seven Venetian watercolors and three strong oils. Wm. Wendt shows "Snow Cold Mountains, San Dimas" and "Topango Canyon." Both are strongly rendered and are typical Southern California studies. Jean Mannheim exposes two genre compositions, "Ironing Day" and "Once Upon a Time." Both have received notice in these columns before. His new landscapes are "Ghostly Sycamores," a decorative arrangement of bare trees, "Last Glow, Arroyo Seco," and "Sunlit California Winter." These are rich and juicy in color and fine in feeling and composition. Frank Coburn offers two scenes that surpass any of this talented painter's previous efforts to depict upon canvas the Whitmanesque poetry of the busy marts of trade. "Wet Evening, Chicago" reveals a home-going multitude screened from the falling rain beneath a billowy sea of umbrellas. "Broadway at Fifth" is an evening scene in Los Angeles showing a vast throng waiting for home-bound cars. Both of these canvases are good in color and well composed.

Granville Redmond sends "Cypress Point," "Dream Clouds," "Sand Dunes," and "Poppy Fields." All are painted in this master's best style. Chas. A. Rogers shows "Chinatown Kitchen," "Sunlit Road," "Capistrano from the Sacred Garden" and "Ruined Arches." Hugo Poessner sends two graphic studies, "Corn" and "Plums." The plums are well done and the cow has Montgomery outdone a dozen ways. R. D. Fullonton has a still life study of luscious peaches and Mrs. E. Fullonton sends "Cat's Head." Eugene Frank is represented by two rather tight watercolors and Carl Yens sends "Flower Study" and an etching of a giant eucalyptus tree. E. A. Burbank exposes "Portrait Head" and "Plumes." "Arroyo Vista" and "Lake Tahoe" are Ernest B. Smith's two offerings. Both are uncertain in quality and the paint appears gummy and lifeless. Jack Smith is really a "comer." His day of arrival is not far distant. "Laguna Cliffs" and "Late Afternoon" are among the best things in the gallery. Hanson Puthuff shows four strong



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landscape studies, "The Coming Storm," "The Oak," the Glory of Departing Day," and "Sunshine and Flowers." F. W. Cuprien is not particularly happy in the marine studies he hangs, while "The Last Warrior" and "Horse Corral" by Maynard Dixon are a trifle disappointing. Max Wiczorek sends "The Sycamore" and Joseph Greenbaum "The Big Country" and "Laguna Cliffs." "Sand Dunes" and "A Calm Sea" are Martin Jackson's two contributions. They are both fine in feeling. Wm. Swift Daniell is well represented by four finely painted landscape studies, "New England Pasture," "Sunny Roadway," "The Old Veteran" and "In the Pine Wood."

Important changes are being made this week at the Royar Gallery on South Hill street. The permanent summer exhibition of work by Southern California painters is being removed and September 1 the gallery will open for the fall season with an exhibition of photographic art studies by Edward M. Langley. The merit of Mr. Langley's photographic prints leads us to inquire somewhat into the life of the man who has produced such interesting pictures. Mr. Langley was born in England; at the age of fourteen he decided to come to America and make his own way in the world, and most of the time since then he has been devoting to whatever would develop his appreciation of pictorial art. He has passed so much time out of doors that lights and shades, composition and many things considered of so much importance to the photographer are as an open book to him. It matters not to him how long he has to wait for a certain effect in nature's grand moving picture, and the charming songsters of the woods all belong to his conception of comradeship. Through all of his investigations he has never failed to appreciate the value of the camera and many of his

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
August 2, 1913.

Non-coal. 012685.
NOTICE is hereby given that William A. Lockwood, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on April 3, 1911, made Homestead entry No. 012685, for E $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 26, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. E. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 22d day of September, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names at witnesses: William D. Newell, of West 1st St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Joseph A. Anker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Edward A. Mellus, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Joseph Hunter, of Calabasas, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

watercolors and oils have come to completion through the aid of bits of scenery taken with the camera.

Social & Personal

Even her most intimate friends were surprised by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Barbara Stephens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Dennison Stephens of 1108 West Twenty-seventh street, to Mr. Randolph Talcott Zane, Lieutenant U. S. M. C. Miss Stephens has passed the winter in Washington, where early in the season she made her debut at a large fashionable tea presided over by her mother and Mrs. John D. Works, and while Washington society has been turning a knowing eye on the devoted young lieutenant and the charming debutante, Miss Stephens' Los Angeles friends have been kept in complete ignorance, only Miss Florence Wood being made a confidante. It was at a dinner given Wednesday evening by Miss Wood in honor of her bridal party that the interesting announcement was made. Miss Wood, whose marriage to Mr. Joy Clark is to be a brilliant event of Monday night, bade her bridal party to a rehearsal at Christ Church and afterward to dinner at the Wood home in St. James' Park, the guests comprising Miss Stephens, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Florence Clark, Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Sally McFarland, Miss Elizabeth Hoag, Miss Ruth Anderson, Miss Marguerite Drake, Miss Bess Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Hall Mayfield and Messrs. Perry Wood, Stuart Macfarlane, Don Riley, Charles A. Meyer, Henry Daley, Walter Clark, Henry Lee Blackmore, Frank R. Severe, and as special guest, Mr. Zane, who arrived here Tuesday from Bremerton, Washington, where he had been stationed for several weeks. The table was fragrant with clusters of Cecil Brunner roses, with little brides and grooms at each cover. The news came as a complete surprise and was imparted by a pseudo telegram read by Mr. Clark. Miss Stephens is a Los Angeles girl and was educated at Marlborough, after which she took a course at Dana Hall, in Massachusetts. She was one of the most popular and beautiful debutantes of the season in Washington. Mr. Zane is the son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Zane of Washington, D. C., and comes of an old Virginia family. The wedding is to take place in the early part of November in this city, and will be a quiet home ceremony.

It is a moot question as to whether the June season of roses and bridal atmosphere or the autumn and winter months are more popular with brides-elect in this city. There are many fashionable weddings announced for the coming weeks, and the first of the important autumn weddings was that which took place Wednesday at St. John's Episcopal church, when Miss Ruth Larned, the attractive and talented daughter of Mrs. Estelle Larned, became the bride of Mr. Richard Heimann, Jr., of San Francisco. Everywhere, there were suggestions of the autumn season, the quaint church blooming with yellow chrysanthemums and foliage, with palms and ferns adding to the effect. The ceremony was pronounced by the Rev. Baker P. Lee at noon. The bride wore a beautiful gown of brown chiffon velvet, with brown velvet hat, and carried a white and gold prayer book. Mrs. Edwin Janss, matron of honor was in brown charmeuse draped with brocade chiffon and her tall cane was topped with golden orchids. She carried reins of golden satin ribbons which were tied to little Helen Heath and Master Raymond Bradford, who bore a basket of roses and ferns. Little Miss Heath was in white mull and Irish crochet, while Master Raymond was in natty

white flannels. Mrs. C. Raymond Bradford wore magohany colored velvet with embroidered chiffon trimmings, and her taupe hat was trimmed with real lace. All the attendants carried golden orchids. The ushers were Mr. Don W. Carlton, Matthew Harris, Harold Bolster and Arthur Bowles. Mr. C. Raymond Bradford served as best man, and the bride was given in marriage by her brother Mr. William Neuer Larned. After the ceremony breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother on South Alvarado street. In addition to the bridal party, covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Neuer, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Braun, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Heath, Mr. Edwin Janss and Mr. Richard Heimann, Sr. The young people are enjoying a wedding journey, after which they will be at home at the St. Regis apartments in San Francisco.

Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Stanley A. Visel of St. Andrews' place gave a dinner party for Miss Alice Cline and her fiancé, Mr. Stanley Guthrie, guests being members of the bridal party. A centerpiece of bride roses and maiden-hair ferns decked the table, and the crystal candelabra were festooned with white tulle, while at each plate was a little basket of rice. Covers were arranged for Mr. and Mrs. William Stone, Miss Constance Cline, Miss Helen Montague, Miss Frances Richards, Mr. Sterling Jeffers and Mr. Harold Janeway. The coming week is to be a busy one for Miss Cline. Mrs. Kenyon Farrar Lee will give a reception in her honor, Miss Helen Montague will entertain Sept. 3 with a tea, and Miss Frances Richards is planning a dinner dance for Sept. 6; Sept. 4, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Meserve will give a dinner at the Craggs Country Club in her honor, and the Monday before the wedding which is to take place Sept. 9, Miss Cline and Mr. Guthrie will entertain with a supper at the Cline home for the bridal party, to follow a rehearsal. The bridal party consists of Mrs. William Stone and Mrs. Stanley Visel, matrons of honor, Miss Frances Richards, maid of honor, and the Misses Constance Cline, Helen Montague and Lillian Van Dyke, bridesmaids. Mr. Harry Seward is to be best man, and the groomsmen include Messrs. Brace Carter, Carol Owens, Sterling Jeffers, William Stone and Stanley Visel.

This evening, at the Hotel Oakland, Oakland, Cal., Miss Lillian Stanton, daughter of Mrs. E. J. Stanton of Grattan street, will become the bride of Mr. Henry W. Swafford of Oakland. Miss Stanton is a Marlborough girl, and has not yet made her debut, it having been her mother's intention that the young woman should attend the National Park Seminary for a year but in spite of her daughter's youth she has been persuaded to consent to the marriage. Mr. Swafford is a Stanford man and a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy H. Stanton have left for the north to be present at the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flint announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Katherine Flint, to Mr. Henry S. MacKay, Jr., of Norwich, Conn. The wedding will probably take place early in the spring.

Mr. Arthur Letts, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Janss and the latter's little daughter have joined Mrs. Letts and her son at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Letts, with Miss Ada Letts, Mr. Eugene Letts and Mr. Arthur Letts, Jr. have been at the northern resort for several weeks,

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where she has been entertaining her friends with several smart affairs, including sailing parties and picnic luncheons.

Monday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. B. Rivers of Normandie avenue, Miss Edna Rivers became the wife of Mr. Louis G. Guernsey of this city. Roses and amaryllis made fragrant decorations for the pretty home, and the ceremony was pronounced beneath a marriage bell of pink roses and fernery. The bride wore her going away gown of taupe-colored cloth, with hat to match, and carried a sheaf of white roses. She was unattended, but Mr. Guernsey had as best man his chum, Mr. Charles E. Bent. Mr. and Mrs. Guernsey have gone east for their wedding trip, and will visit Mr. Guernsey's parents in Poughkeepsie, where Mr. Guernsey's father is president of a large trust company.

General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Lieutenant and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee and Lieutenant and Mrs. John Hastings Howard have returned from Long Beach, where they have been passing several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sutcliffe Valley of South Flower street have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Eleanor Valley, to Mr. Geoffrey O'Connell, September 4, at St. Vincent's Church.

Mrs. Morris Albee gave a bridge luncheon Tuesday afternoon in honor

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of Mrs. J. Moss Terry of Louisville, Ky., who is the house guest of her daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Preuss. A centerpiece of pink roses and yellow tulle, with monogrammed cards in pink and gold decked the table, where covers were arranged for Mrs. Kenneth Preuss, Mrs. Harmon Ryus, Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, Mrs. William E. Dunn, Mrs. George Goldsmith, Mrs. J. W. Hendricks, Mrs. John S. Valley, Mrs. C. M. Seeley and Miss Maud Benson.

After a pleasant motoring trip through the east, with interludes of visiting friends and relatives and sailing on the Great Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Phillips of Berkeley Square, and their daughters, Misses Lucille and Katherine Phillips, and Miss Lucille's chum, Miss Dorothy Williams, are at home once more in Berkeley Square.

Judge and Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray and their daughter, Miss Evangeline Gray will go north next week for a visit. Miss Gray's engagement to Mr. Chester A. Judson of San Francisco was an interesting announcement of recent date. The wedding will probably take place in December.

Pioneering in Arizona

BY THOS. L. SHULTZ

XX.

(Continued from last week.)

With the addition of the Williams Valley force there were now more than twenty men with rifles in the fort.

Besides the eight recruits from Williams Valley, Mr. Thomason remembers the following that were at the rendezvous in Keller Valley: J. H. Keller (appointed captain), Bob Sipe, James Meaders, Maurice Coats, Skelton Williams, Joseph Roberts and sons George, Grant and John, Hily Beavers, James Murray, James Coulter, Bob Stubblefield, Al Potter and John Foster—the last named now a member of the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, this county. There were also a number of women and several children. Firing had practically ceased and the quietness was getting on the nerves of some of the boys. Bill Willcox with rifle in hand went to the front door of the cabin which in this instance was only waist high to a tall man (the upper half being open to admit light), and leaning out yelled a defi and called on a certain Indian to show himself. The sound of his voice had scarcely ceased, when the spat of the bullet was heard by all that pierced his heart, and as he whirled around and fell to the floor he exclaimed, "Well boys, they have got me at last." Thus passed away brave Bill Willcox, a general favorite of the pioneers, without uttering another word. The Indian that fired the fatal shot had crawled up behind a bunch of bear grass directly in front of the cabin about 200 yards distant. The smoke from his gun showed where the Apache was concealed and the rifles from the cabin began sending a stream of lead through that patch of grass. The Indian evidently was not expecting such a bombardment and in an effort to move from his dangerous position to a safe one exposed himself for a few seconds. But that was sufficient—he fell riddled with bullets.

Early in the forenoon Cooney's horse came to Roberts' ranch. The saddle and animal were covered with blood which was sufficient to suggest the tragic end of the rider. Later, Cooney and his friend Chick were found on the road lying within a few feet of each other. Both had been scalped and otherwise horribly mutilated. The horse eluding capture arrived in advance of the Indians and being a stallion at once began to fight the other horses that were hitched to various objects adjacent to the cabins. One of the men went out, caught the animal and removing the saddle tied him to the fence a short distance above the house on the hillside. When the Indians arrived they at once noted that all the animals were secure from approach. They also knew the character of the stallion and if the one on the hillside could be released it would not be long before he would break the other animals loose. Once free, the stallion would chase them out of protection of the cabins when the Indians without any risk to themselves would gather them in.

To come down that exposed hillside and cut the stallion loose within fifty yards of nearly half a dozen waiting rifles was as brave an act as any man ever performed, for it was nothing less than suicide, but that was just what an Apache chief did that day. He was seen as he was stealthily approaching the fence where the horse was tied, armed with a revolver in one hand and a bowie knife in the other. Keller watching the Indian told the men not to fire until he gave the word. Just as the chief was in the act of stooping to sever the rope, the word fire was given and four bullets sped to the mark. The Indian dropped behind

the fence but as he fell he slashed the rope and the horse was freed. The men dared not leave the house to secure the stallion again, and sure enough the mischievous animal broke the others from their fastenings. After they were loose, the stallion disappointed the Indians, for instead of driving the horses away, to their chagrin, he herded them all the while near the cabins. Then it was that the Indians lost patience and began shooting at the stallion, and he was struck ten times before he gave up his guardship and lay down. The other horses wandered farther away and most of them were taken by the Indians at last.

Strange as it may appear the wounded stallion recovered and was forever after the favorite of Capt. Cooney, a brother of the former owner. The revolver, knife and headress of the Indian were secured by the whites, the latter Mr. Thomason states, being the most elaborate and highly decorated Indian bonnet that he had ever seen. The revolver became the property of Maurice Coats who, Mr. Thomason believes, is now a resident of Los Angeles. The Indian that performed the dangerous task of turning the stallion loose must have volunteered, for the few minutes that it took absolute quiet prevailed, but no sooner had he fallen than bedlam broke loose, and the yelling of the angered savages was terrible to hear. In this exciting interval a second Indian appeared on the brow of the mesa, a little more than two hundred yards from the cabins, where he disported himself in a most ludicrous and barbaric manner. A Mexican woman in one of the cabins understood the Apache language and urged the defenders to prepare for an immediate attack as the Indian was exhorting his followers to make a charge. After five minutes of aboriginal oratory, Captain Keller thought it time to introduce a new number on the program, the word fire was given and from the four port-holes a like number of rifles rang true. The manner in which the Indian was seen to crumble up and sink to the earth satisfied the defenders that another Apache spirit was on the way to its happy hunting grounds.

Besides Keller's "Buffalo Buster" there was another Sharps' rifle in the party owned by Tom Elliott which was fitted to telescope sights and the owner in its manipulation was an expert. The great trouble with these two guns was the lack of sufficient ammunition. The supply in this instance was limited and each cartridge was practically based on a value of the life of one Indian. Twice during the day two different Indians tried to stampede the horses near the house, but in each instance were filled with bullets from the port holes of the log cabin. It was in the afternoon that Tom Elliott saved the life of a Mexican by making an exhibition shot with his faithful Sharps'. Looking out from a port hole a lone rider was discovered a little more than a mile away coming leisurely along the trail that led down from the mesa. Keller with a field glass scrutinized the new comer and at the same time concentrated his view on the route the rider would probably take after the trail entered the flat. Midway of the top and bottom of the mesa the trail was very steep and the man had dismounted and was leading his animal.

Taking in a still closer perspective with his glass Keller was astonished to see an Indian standing beside his pony, both hidden behind a clump of bushes a few yards from the trail by which the unsuspecting traveler would pass within a few minutes. The Indian in plain view to the eye, stood calmly awaiting

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the arrival of his victim, and a set of eyes peering out of every port hole on that side of the cabin watched the premeditated homicide about to take place and seemingly powerless to prevent it. But with Keller it was to act. Turning to Elliott he said: "Tom, sight your gun for sixteen hundred yards and try for that Indian." In a few moments the gun was ready. Elliott thrust it through the port hole, drew a bead on the would-be murderer and sped the ounce of lead on its mission of death. Mr. Thomason said: "It seemed a minute to me but of course it wasn't that long, before the bullet reached its mark. But when it did arrive there was no mistaking its effect. When the bullet struck, the blanket that the Indian was wearing was thrown or knocked into the air; the pony was seen to emerge from the river bank, almost running over the Mexican in the 'get away.' Presently, the pony was seen to emerge from the other side of the stream and take to the opposite mesa, the route over which the Indian had evidently come to reach his ambush. The Mexican recognizing his danger took to the brush on foot and running from cover to cover finally reached the house safe, but a more frightened individual I have never seen.

"After things became settled we examined the place where the Indian was standing; found his blanket and spatters of blood on the ground. In the bushes near the bank of the river (which is only a small stream) a depression was noticed where the Indian had lain and there was much blood. He was not there of course very long before his comrades came and carried him away. The distance was just sixteen hundred steps and Tom Elliott and his telescope shot will never be forgotten by the old timers on the "Frisco."

Elliott's exhibition shot with others almost as good, caused Victoria to change his mind regarding the personal acquirement of the gun. So he sought a field of smaller caliber and less danger. After leaving Keller Valley and vicinity, Victoria divided his band. One party called on and killed Old Steve, a squaw man living on Eagle Creek, and a few other isolated settlers living west of Keller Valley. The other party skirted around Williams Valley and murdered the entire Chavez family of six or seven. A horrible incident is related as an aftermath of this tragedy. One of the Chavez girls, aged eighteen or twenty years, after having been tortured and left for dead by the fiends, revived and on hands and knees crawled eighteen miles to the home of her family's nearest neighbor. In this distance she dragged her mutilated frame across the shallow stream of the "Frisco" thirty-two times, as the road ran the course of its windings, and whose water beyond question was the revivifying influence that gave her the strength for such an ordeal. Within two hundred yards of the home she was striving to reach, she was seen and loving friends tenderly carried her into the house. She only lived a few hours and the only word she ever spoke was "Indians." Leaving the Chavez rancho, the band

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 8, 1913.

Not coal lands. 016097.
NOTICE is hereby given that John W. F. Diss, whose post-office address is 302 Stimson Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 29th day of July, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 016097, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 27, Lots 1, 2, Sec. 33, Lot 4, Section 34, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$343.70, the stone estimated at \$171.85 and the land \$171.85; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 24th day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

proceeded a few miles to a Mexican settlement known as Valencia. There were seventeen persons living in the place and not a soul escaped. Soon after this the two bands formed a junction and while they were felicitating each other on their prowess and all were enjoying an impromptu war dance over the happiness of a reunion, two little Mexican boys, previously captured, took advantage of the opportunity to crawl off into the rocks, fortunately eluding pursuit. Being ten or twelve years of age they knew the country and were not long in reaching the settlements on the "Frisco." They gave the information that the Indians carried away six dead comrades from the fight at Keller Valley. In this raid Victoria murdered more than half a hundred isolated settlers and with all the horses and cattle that he required repaired to his stronghold in the White Mountains.

Mrs. Andrew W. Francisco gave a musicale last evening in honor of Miss Millie Williams of Salt Lake City, who is her house guest.



Cheaters



By Caroline Reynolds

As a rule we are wont to rail at the dramatist who presents a problem to us and offers no apparent solution, yet there are times when the mere discussion of a theme brings society to the realization that there is a question to be met, and that the answer lies with itself and not with the man who presents it. At the Morosco theater this week there is a play to make the public think. It is not a great play in the sense of dramatic literature, but in that mysterious quality known as human interest, in character drawing that is vividly realistic, in spontaneous humor, and in the setting forth of a big question it is a success in the field of contemporaneous drama. At first, the title of the play seems to militate against its message. "Help Wanted" has a flippant, farcical sound that would lead to the wrong impression of the drama, but the peculiar fitness of the cognomen is demonstrated by the story.

Gertrude Meyer, seventeen, pretty, ignorant of most of the real conditions of life, is given a position as private secretary in the offices of J. R. Scott & Son, brokers. She is the daughter of a German woman of peasant stock, who has patiently slaved over the washtub for years to give her daughter sufficient education to fit her for her battle with life, and to provide as best she can for her two small boys in the orphan asylum. Scott has a beautiful, high-bred wife of whom he is really fond; and he is proudly paternal in his relations toward his wife's son, who is his partner. The man is not utterly bad, but variety is truly the spice of life to him; and working girls are but flowers in a vast field, to be plucked, the sweetness and fragrance crushed from them, and then to be tossed aside, while he fares on to where another rose nods. Because she is a veritable blossom of a girl, fresh and pretty and innocent, he employs Gertrude, although her incompetence is almost pitiful. His kindness overwhelms her, his paternal tone reassures her. And young Jack after one look into Gertrude's shy, innocent eyes, knows that of all the world there is but one girl for him.

There is another stenographer, who has learned to take care of herself, learned it at the cost of her ideals and her faith, yet who has sustained herself in the midst of all temptation. She has a fine candor; she hits straight from the shoulder. She knows Scott's brand, and she warns Gertrude against him, and warns Scott against himself. But Scott is infatuated with his childish stenographer; with every tender argument that the accomplished libertine can present, he tries to break down the barrier. But, meantime, Jack and Gertrude have found their happiness. Just at the moment when Gertrude is flushed with the knowledge that Jack wants her for his wife Scott loses his head and thrusts his embraces upon the terrified girl. Her screams bring Jack to her rescue; and in his frenzied denunciation of his stepfather, the man feels the lash of contempt. It is brought to him that the girl to whom he must now adopt the role of father he has attempted to ruin, just as he has ruined other girls—through fascination, through economic pressure and through their love for finery. And all of them were

daughters and sisters and their undoing has meant the keenest grief to loving hearts. The vague light across the murky gloom of his sensuality startles the man.

Jack's attitude in refusing to tell his mother of the occurrence touches him, also, and realizing that he has not yet the strength to stand alone, he sends for the frank, fearless stenographer who has eliminated sex distinctions from her life, and appeals to her to become his friend as well as his stenographer and protect him against himself. To many the conditions portrayed are overdrawn, but Mr. Lait has verified them through thousands of letters sent broadcast to girls through the land. Equal suffrage—for it is with the ballot that women can protect themselves—will mean that conditions will be changed under which men of wealth may prey upon girls who are forced to earn their livings. It also means that women will forego the sex appeal—that unconscious heritage of ages by which women have attracted men. In business life the question of sex must be eliminated; if a woman wants to be accepted as a man's equal she must demand from him only that same courtesy which he yields to his fellow man. Naturally, all men of worth will retain their feeling of chivalry, but until women cease to exact tribute from their fellow workers and accept little privileges just because they are women the situation which Mr. Lait uncovers will go on. The women must be educated first, and their knowledge thus gained will enlighten the men. After all, it is a play for the future generation which Mr. Lait presents and also a cry for one standard of morality—not the standard that so many set, which seems to imply that both men and women may be what the world calls indiscreet and that neither shall be ostracized, but that both man and woman shall lead a clean and virtuous life and that the same judgment shall be meted out to both.

The message of Mr. Lait's play is universal, its effect will also be local. There are hundreds of girls who will witness the play at the Morosco; undoubtedly, there are many of them who have listened to the same pleas that are advanced by Scott; many of them have their finger on the door knob of temptation, trembling at the threshold. It is a vivid lesson, and one which could be presented to the working girl in no stronger light than on the stage. There is a message to fathers and mothers also; the necessity for preparing their girls for life, by giving them the fruits of their parents' experience. Why should a girl be started forth on the road of life with only a feeble lantern light of instinct to guide her. There are few girls who want to go wrong, few girls who would go wrong if full realization were brought before them. But danger lies in ignorance. Morals are largely a matter of knowledge and self control; and girls should be given these weapons for self defense. In every girl there is a spring of romance waiting to gush forth at the coming of her Prince Charming. Too often a girl, from a home of poverty, is won through fascination of an older man, prosperous, well-groomed; willing to take her to restaurants where there is music and light and laughter for her starved soul. And she thinks it is love; and when love comes a woman is ready to yield herself body and soul that she may satisfy her lover. It is the power to discriminate that we all need, especially in our

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youth. Teach the young people, and the next generation will be a finer, freer race.

Mr. Lait's portrayal of the relations between Gertrude Meyer and her mother is a striking feature. When Gertrude goes home with her story of Mr. Scott's treatment the mother at once jumps to the conclusion that the girl is at fault. It is not from a lack of maternal love, the mother's ignorance of conditions is at fault. She even upbraids the girl for not permitting the man to kiss her; in fact, rather recommends that the girl follow this course so long as she can keep him at a necessary distance. Few mothers would emulate Mrs. Meyer in the latter advice; but many, many mothers have failed to extend their sympathy in similar circumstances; and their censure, their immediate conclusion that the girl has made it possible for the man to take advantage of her forever dries up the well of confidence in the girl. It is all expressed in Mrs. Meyer's cry, "You always say I can't understand." And the old generation will never understand the new one; unless it is precipitated into the midst of those conditions which surround the young people.

It is a big theme and a serious one. Mr. Lait enlightens it with many bright lines and witty sayings. On several occasions he brings forth his humor in a forced manner; evidently, smart lines he has thought of at odd moments, jot-

ted down in his note book, and then utilized in his play. It requires skillful manipulation to give this an effect of spontaneity, but it is only rarely that Mr. Lait fails. The last act of the drama needs a deal of tampering. There is much unnecessary talk and little suspense. The introduction of Mrs. Meyer's long discussion in the last scene is entirely superfluous, and the production of the two little boys is not only unnatural in business and details, but is entirely extraneous to the action. Mrs. Meyer's conversation with an invisible neighbor at the opening of the act is crude and without purpose. The first two acts justify themselves with but few changes. They are a little melodramatic, but all the primal emotions of life must be melodramatic. The last act, however, is not up to the standard Mr. Lait has set. He should conjure up almost an entire new frame for his picture.

That the Morosco production is equal to most New York presentations goes without saying. Grace Valentine is the pivotal character of the drama and her illusion of extreme youth is only occasionally marred by the cloud of sophistication. The atmosphere of the play will soon remedy this. The dignity of innocence and sweetness is well preserved; her big scenes, which are exceedingly difficult, are excellently done, particularly in facial expression. A little more shading of the voice, more temperamental expression would

add to her creation, which on the whole is an admirable one. Henry Kolker as the elder Mr. Scott utterly fails to suggest the character. He is wildly melodramatic in gesturing, delivery and even in attire. Never for a moment does he make the role convincing, which is a detriment to many scenes. Charles Ruggles has a part that seems to have been written for him, so perfectly does he fit it, and Frances Ring, although in what is apparently a secondary role, does an important bit of work, and one that lingers in the memory. Lillian Elliott's talent for character work is strongly demonstrated as Mrs. Meyer, and Helene Sullivan is charming as Mrs. Scott. The Stewart of Harrison Hunter is given with this actor's usual fine reserve. The setting of the first and second acts is well done, but the third act is atrocious; a rich man's home with discolored, torn walls, a plethora of gilt and weird articles of vertu, and a number of paintings that must have come as premiums with baking powder.

Orpheum Program Attracts

After two weeks of Irene Franklin and Pat Rooney, vaudeville entertainment of the dizziest sort would seem rather mild enjoyment, which may be the trouble with the Orpheum this week. It is all entertaining, but not enthrallingly so. Gus Edwards' youngsters—protéges, not family—have a "Kid Kabaret" act which the house fairly "eats." The performers are all youthful, and several of them are little more than children, which, of course, adds to the attraction of the act. Bettie Washington plays the violin in a manner that marks her for future attention, and a cunning, dimpled youngster, Evelyn McVey, with her freedom from self-consciousness and the sweetness of her personality, and with Georgie Jessel—who has self-consciousness enough for all of them—brings down the house in Edwards' latest and favorite song, "I'll Get You." All Hinston is an excellent Englishman; there is a pretty ballet dancer, and a still prettier flower girl. It is not a startlingly unusual performance, but it gets over. Colored comedians are rife on this week's bill. Harry Fiddler and Byron Shelton are not a riot in their singing and playing, but they make a fairly good impression. Phina—who proves that she is white—does coon-shouting in a terrific, cracked voice, but her pickanninies save her from annihilation; they are capital dancers, and one bright-eyed youngster is destined to be a second Bert Williams, for he is a born comedian. Harry Divine and Belle Williams patter through a number of "on the road" jokes, and the sinking of the Titanic is shown in a manner that is interesting chiefly because of its mechanical skill. Taylor Holmes' clean cut and clever work sets him above the average; Lambert continues to tinkle tunes, and Miss Orford's wonderful elephants go through their paces like well trained dogs.

Offerings for Next Week

Rachel Marshall's four-act play, "The Traffic," which is booked for the Lyceum theater for the week beginning Sunday, is said to be the most audaciously truthful exposition of white slavery that has yet been written. Miss Marshall is the great granddaughter of Chief Justice Marshall, and a woman of wide experience as a journalist, sociologist and traveler. She has made a study of the conditions which she exploits, and the white slave episode which she records is taken from an actual case found in the federal reports investigated last spring under the Mann White Slave act. The amazing verity of the situations, scenes and dialogues is said to make the play a distinct "shock" even to the most sophisticated playgoers, although it is reported that it is never offensive, neither to the moral nor mental sensibilities. The shame of the white slave situation is shown, with its taw-

dry, garish brilliance in contrast with the squalor and pitiful poverty of the tenements. "The Traffic" is to be presented by a competent company of well known players, of whom Nana Bryant, Clair Sinclair, John Livingstone, Laura Adams, Lois Bolton and others of equal ability are prominent.

Jack Lait's new play, "Help Wanted" will enter upon its second successful week at the Morosco theater Sunday afternoon. Despite the unpleasant weather conditions of the last week the theater has been crowded at every performance. "Help Wanted" reveals a condition that exists in every modern American city, and is a dramatization of the struggle for existence of a seventeen-year-old stenographer, Gertrude Meyer, who not only must fight in the business world for a living, but who must battle with preying men for her virtue. The truth of the conditions uncovered by Mr. Lait has been demonstrated by his personal investigation, and it has already set many to thinking, so that there will be steps taken to protect young women from the advances of men who can give them employment. The play has received the endorsement of both press and public, and the second week is announced to appease the demand for seats, which has been unceasing.

"Madame Sherry," the season's record-breaking success at the Burbank theater, will enter upon its seventh week Sunday afternoon, and unless Manager Morosco succeeds in breaking a contract for the production of "The Girl in the Taxi," the seventh week will necessarily be the last. So far as attendance is concerned, "Madame Sherry" would probably run to the "Peg o' My Heart" limit. In the six weeks that it has reigned at the Burbank, it is estimated that 71,436 persons have paid admission to witness the play. A brand new array of costumes is being shown by the principals in the cast. Miss Paley is displaying several new creations. The cast remains the same, with Miss Paley as Yvonne, Lillian Tucker as Lulu, Grace Travers as Catherine, Winnie Baldwin as Pepita, Percy Bronson as Edward Sherry, Morgan Wallace as Philippe, John L. Kearney as Theophilus Sherry and Donald Bowles as Leonardo.

George Kleine's artistic production of the Cines photo-drama, "Quo Vadis," will be at the Mason Opera House for the week beginning with the Labor Day matinee, Monday, September 1. There are many spectacular scenes in this great production, including the arena with its ferocious lions, exciting gladiator combats and chariot races, to say nothing of Ursus' thrilling conquest of the savage bull. Nero's court, with its brilliant pageantry, magnificent festivals and the reproduction of Roman palaces and gardens form striking pictures. The story of the love of Vinitius and Lygia is one that has appealed strongly to the world, and the impressive visualization of the early struggles of Christianity with the scenes in which the Savior and His apostles appear will have a strong appeal to many. All seats are reserved for the matinee and evening performances.

Music will have a large part in the new bill at the Orpheum for the week opening with the Labor Day matinee. The foremost attraction is the Bell family, which headlines six new acts. The Bell family, numbering nine, comes from Mexico. They play many instruments well, and they also sing and dance, but it is as bellringers that they most excel. They make an effective stage picture by dressing in the Mexican fashion of a generation ago. The new sketch is by George Ade and is entitled, "Speaking to Father." Milton Pollock interprets the leading part, and is supported by a capable company. Will Rogers has long been known on the stage as the Oklahoma cowboy, and will give exhibitions of lariat tossing, interspersed with com-

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edy. The Three DuFor boys are English dancers who have a wide repertoire. They have just left the English music halls for their first American tour. Fred Hamill, the bulky singer, and Charles Abbate, the violinist, are well remembered here for their work in the past, and are strong favorites. Eddie Mack and Dot Williams make up a dancing team that will feature a number of unusual steps, including the staircase dance. The holdovers include the Edwards Kid Kabaret and Fiddler & Skelton. The musical programme and the world's news in motion views complete the bill.

H. G. Wells is passing his summer at his home in Dunmow, Essex. He and Arnold Bennett are comparatively near neighbors.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
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Not coal lands 0016654
NOTICE is hereby given that Monroe J. Groshong, whose post-office address is Box 51, Owensmouth, California, did, on the 17th day of October, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 016654, to purchase Lot 1, Section 27, Township 2 North, Range 17 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the Timber and Stone Law, at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, at \$29.25, the stone estimated at \$29.25 and the land nil; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.


FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 17, 1913.


Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that Cylurus W. Logan, of Box 356, Sawtelle, Cal., who, on August 17, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 013716, for W $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 22, E $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year (Soldiers' & Sailors' Act) proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 5th day of September, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Joseph Anker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; John Riley, of Sawtelle, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Charles Johnson, of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



Books



Among the art galleries of London there is none, not excepting the National Gallery, which is held in higher esteem, alike by the layman and the connoisseur, than the Wallace Collection. This is a remarkable fact when it is realized that Hertford House, where this extensive exhibit is housed, has been open to the public fewer than thirteen years. In the preface to Mr. Henry C. Shelley's latest work, "The Art of the Wallace Collection," the able writer explains this rapid conquest of popular and expert favor in this manner: "For some years prior to the death of Sir Richard Wallace, the fame of the pictures and other art treasures bequeathed to him by the fourth Marquis of Hertford was known far and wide, and those who had been allowed to roam through the salons of Hertford House were esteemed highly privileged persons. That mystery and romance had played a large part in the lives of the owners of that mansion was another factor in arousing keen interest in the collection. Again, when the pictures and art treasures became national property through the splendid generosity of Lady Wallace, the resolve to retain them in the mansion that had been their home safeguarded the collection from being displayed in that mechanical manner which makes the average museum so depressing. And, finally, the fact that the pictures include so few examples by the Italian primitives and so many by the masters of the loveliest period of French painting gives the collection a unique distinction among the art galleries of the British capital." Many who wish to inform themselves upon art matters in general and the value and extent of this noted collection in particular will find the ample volume of more than passing interest. To forewarn the reader against a possible shock or two, it may be well to mention the fact that Mr. Shelley has claimed the absolute right to private judgment. Painters have not been eulogized merely because their fame is a household word throughout the civilized world and men of less note are often awarded places right up in the front row of the great and grand. An attempt has been made to appraise the work of each artist by the effect the work has produced upon the writer. This method is all right if the individual is the proper sort, if not, it is likely to prove deficient, so far as "real information" is concerned. We trust that Mr. Shelley is a critic of the first water. I think it was Max Nordau who said that "if a man feels definitely as regards certain pictures that they are valueless and unmeaning, he has a right to express it as strongly and honestly as he feels it, even though millions declare that they discover all kinds of loveliness and depths of meaning in them." No doubt, Nordau is nearly right and maybe just a trifle wrong. However, Mr. Shelley has given us a lengthy volume of facts and opinions far more instructive than entertaining. ("The Art of the Wallace Collection." By Henry C. Shelley. L. C. Page and Co.)

Competition Versus Trusts

What shall be done with the trusts? Are they all necessarily monopolistic? And shall they be eliminated from the business system of the country by direct legislation and legal processes? Shall they be taken over by the nation? Or shall these dinosaurs of modern times be tamed and made to serve as

draught animals of the people? If possible, how shall this latter desirable condition of docility and service be accomplished? Is there any natural, self-acting check by which to curb them? Can the monopolistic element be taken out of them? These are a few phases of one of the country's most puzzling present-day economic problems discussed by J. B. and J. M. Clark in "The Control of Trusts." Trusts being combinations for increased efficiency and for more rapid and better production necessary to meet the needs of a growing population, according to the writers, are in the line of direct progression. It is "making two blades of grass grow where one grew before. . . . check the rapidity of this technical progress and you will cause grievous hardships." Control of transportation to prevent discrimination and favoritism, the prevention of predatory competition as represented by factors' agreements and local price-cutting, establishment of uniform price system, patent reform, limiting size of corporations, prohibition of "holding companies," corporate publicity with regard to prices and methods, revision of the tariff and stimulation of a healthy competition in every way possible to maintain the survival of those most fit to produce goods or two render service are a number of the methods set forth, by which "the wild boast of self-interest" may be made to "serve human good" and become "a thing of ideals and not of sordidness." "The purpose of competition is the opposite of warlike. . . . It is to stimulate efficient production at reasonable prices," and if the nation would live and hold its place commercially among nations it is now necessary to reestablish a sort of competition that shall mean a rival or a possible rival at any time profits become unreasonably great. The significance of the wage line also is touched upon in its relation to the situation and its solution. This present volume is a revision and enlargement of a former edition on the subject and gives interestingly new aspects of the problem as brought out in the light of legislation embodying certain suggestions in the earlier work, the Sherman act being especially discussed and advocated. ("Control of Trusts." By John Bates Clark and John Maurice Clark. The Macmillan Co.)

"Princess of Athura"

Learning is occasionally thrust upon us in the form of sugar-coated pills, and particularly is this true of historical novels. In "The Princess of Athura" which is told with many thrills and with all the necessary elements of love, disaster, battle and peace, the conditions that existed in ancient Persia are given historical exploitation in the form of romance. It is an interesting way of absorbing information; and the details are as accurate as history can guarantee. "The Princess of Athura" is the daughter of Cyrus, and is beloved of the Princess Iran, afterward the great Darius. When Cyrus dies his kingdom is passed on to his renegade son, Cambyses, whose intense envy and fear of the Prince's great soul leads him to attempt to vanquish the latter. He maneuvers to keep lovers apart, he tries in every manner to eliminate the Prince, but his machinations fail and the villain rides to defeat, while Virtue and Integrity win the race—all in the good, old-fashioned way of melodrama. It is rather a thrilling story, and the historical information is of value and interest. ("The

Princess of Athura." By Samuel W. Odell. Thos. Y. Crowell Co.)

Notes From Bookland

Strindberg's novel "By the Open Sea," announced for immediate publication by B. W. Huebsch, is translated by Ellie Schleusser. Except for his dramas the other translated works of Strindberg are more or less autobiographical. "By the Open Sea" is pure fiction. Axel Borg, the hero, is a government expert on fisheries and goes to live on an island among fisherfolk to give them the benefit of his scientific knowledge of their calling. The book reveals an ignorant and superstitious people in their defense of traditional impractical customs against the inroads of scientific methods. The story centers on Borg's inward struggle, the suppressed emotional part of his being demanding the love of a woman, the intellect asserting its rights to undivided mastery. How a man of the highest mental cultivation acts in such a spiritual conflict, subjected daily to the influence of a clever and beautiful girl and of her wily yet not repellent mother, is the subject of keen analysis. The novel is of that period when the pendulum of Strindberg's spirit swung the farthest from its essential Christianity. In that and in the mercilessly dissected chief figure the influence of Nietzsche is marked. From the point of view of orthodox Christianity "By the Open Sea" is frankly blasphemous.

A new novel by Robert Alexander Wason, author of "The Dog, the Child, and the Ancient Sailor Man," is among the fall offerings of Small, Maynard & Co., which include "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life," by Loie Fuller, with an introduction by Anatole France; "The Armourer and His Craft," by Charles Feoullkes; "At the Fountain Head: Five Stories on the Origin of Life," by William F. Boos; "Barn Doors and Byways," by Walter Pritchard Eaton; "The Christmas Bishop," by Winifred Kirkland; "Divided: A Story of South Africa," by Francis Bancroft; "The Dog, the Child and the Ancient Sailor Man," by Robert Alexander Wason; "A Modern History of the English People," by R. H. Gretton; "Famous Modern Battles," by A. Hilgard Atteridge; "The Truth About Home Rule," by Pembroke Wicks, with an introduction by Sir Edward Carson; "The Human Desire," by Violet Irwin; "Hunting in the Olden Days," by W. Scarth Dixon; "The Immovable East: Studies of the People and Customs of Palestine," by Philip J. Baldensperger; "Little Wars," by H. G. Wells; "A Londoner's London," by Wilfred Whitten; "The Lure of Crooning Water," by Marion Hill; "Mrs. Brand," by H. A. Mitchell Keays; "The Progressive Movement: Its Principles and Its Programme," by S. J. Duncan-Clark; "The Roman Campaign," by Arnaldo; "Succession: A Comedy of the Generation," by Ethel Sidgwick; "The Surakarta," by Edwin Balmer and William Mac Harg; "Toya the Unlike," by Eleanor Mercein Kelly; "Jan Vermeer of Delft and His Art," by Philip L. Hale; "Werewolves," by Elliott O'Donnell, and a number of miscellaneous volumes and books for juveniles.

In connection with "A Turkish Woman's European Impressions," published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., it is pointed out that the author, "Zeyneb Hanoum," is a daughter of Nourri Bey, who was assistant secretary for foreign affairs under Abdul Hamid. She escaped from the harem and got out of Turkey with a false passport; the Sultan unsuccessfully tried to stop her at Belgrade, but she reached Paris. Even in France, however, she was not safe. To curry favor with the Sultan one of her uncles very nearly succeeded in kidnapping her in a motor car when she was on the Riviera. Her father, unfortunately for him, was blamed for his daughter's escape, and in spite of his great ability and clever efforts to elude the Sultan's revenge, he died suddenly one night. Miss Hanoum is also well known as

the heroine of Pierre Loti's novel, "Les Desenchantées." Her experiences, adventures, and impressions after leaving the harem, as told in her charming and delightful style, make an intensely human and authentic document. The work contains thirty-two illustrations from photographs and a drawing by August Rodin.

Maximilian Foster, author of "The Whistling Man," one of the popular mystery stories of the year, has, his publishers state, experienced the annoyance of being impersonated by an imposter. Several weeks ago, it is explained, a man appeared at one of our universities and enrolled for the summer term under the name of "Maximilian Foster—author." Certain very definite literary limitations aroused the suspicious of the university authorities. Investigation followed, and it was found that many episodes in the stranger's personal history did not correspond with the biographical sketch of the real Mr. Foster as given in "Who's Who." The university communicated with Mr. Foster to find out if they had the author of "The Whistling Man" on their roll of summer students. A prompt denial on Mr. Foster's part was followed by the rapid departure of the imposter from the university.

Four books of the Century Company's fall list were issued August 15—a new book of short stories, "Murder in Any Degree," by Owen Johnson; Alexander Irvine's tribute to his mother, "My Lady of the Chimney Corner;" Bernard Miall's translation of Dr. Legros' "Fabre, Poet of Science," and the new book by Jack London, "John Barlycorn," the author's story of his own life. Robert Haven Schaffler's "Romantic America" will be published by this house in book form in the fall, with many illustrations by such artists as Maxfield Parrish, Joseph Pennell, Winslow Homer and Albert Herter. Mr. Schaffler's sympathetic descriptions cover Mt. Desert and the Maine coast, Provincetown, the California Missions, New Orleans, Mammoth Cave, the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite, Yellowstone Park, and Pittsburgh.

Miss Elsie de Wolfe has put into a book the chronicle of her experiences as a decorator. It will be called "The House in Good Taste," will be published by the Century Company, and will show reproductions of forty-eight interiors by Miss de Wolfe. The Century Company's children's list this fall includes "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman," by Annie Fellows Johnston, author of "The Little Colonel Series;" a new edition of Mother Goose lavishly illustrated by Arthur Rackham; a new Palmer Cox Brownie Book, and, for very little folk, "Sonny Boy's Day at the Zoo," the illustrations from photographs of a real little boy who spent much time in the New York Zoological Park the summer he was two.

Later in the fall Little, Brown & Co. will publish "Joan Thursday," by Louis Joseph Vance, "The Prince Imperial," by Augustin Filon, "The Tragedy of Mary Stuart," by Henry C. Shelley, author of "Literary By-Paths in Old England," "John Harvard and His Times," "The British Museum," etc., and "Wards of the State: An Unofficial View of Prison and the Prisoner," by Tighe Hopkins, author of "The Silent Gates: A Voyage Into Prison," which should appeal to all persons interested in prison reform, criminology, etc.

The fall season of Little, Brown & Co. started with the publication of a novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim, "The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton," August 23. "The author, referring to his new work, says: 'The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton is so unlike my other work that I offer it with this explanation: It has amused me for many years to write short stories of middle class life in a semi-humorous vein. I commenced Alfred Burton as a short story, but it grew longer and longer

as the plot unfolded until I found that I had written a full length novel. My publishers tell me that this distinct departure from my customary vein is a most happy one, and that this novel should not only please those who have enjoyed reading my previous novels, but will attract a new reading public as well. That it may afford my American friends as much enjoyment in reading the novel as I have taken in writing it is the sincerest wish of E. Phillips Oppenheim."

James Oliver Curwood, author of "Isobel," says the loneliest journey in the world is "the trip from the solitary little wind-beaten cabin at Point Fullerton to Fort Churchill." Its only rival, according to Mr. Curwood, is "the other cabin at Herschel Island, at the mouth of the Firth, where twenty-one wooden crosses mark twenty-one white men's graves. But whalers come to Herschel. Unless by accident, or to break the laws, they never come in the neighborhood of Fullerton. It is at Fullerton that men die of the most terrible thing in the world—loneliness. In the little cabin men have gone mad." The scene of "Isobel," as that of the author's earlier book, "Flower of the North," is laid in these Arctic wildernesses.

One gathers from an article appearing in the current Century magazine that "Romain Christopher" was intended, among other things, as a sort of burial of the traditional hatchet between Germany and France. The hero of the book is a German composer who passes most of his time in France. Through him, and by means of other vivid portrayals scattered throughout the novel, the foibles of both countries are relentlessly held up to view—which may be, after all, an effective way of bringing hereditary foes together in amity. M. Rolland, along with his literary artistry and his knowledge of human character, has Tolstoy's penchant for ethical propaganda—a characteristic that leads one to look for another "War and Peace" in the epic on the French Revolution which he now proposes to write.

The author of "The Age of the Earth," Arthur Holmes, has stated that fossils, now considered so helpful to those who speculate upon the time-problem of the earth, were "once regarded with suspicion and jealousy," and most of the early novelists resolutely set themselves against the obvious deduction to be drawn from them. About 300 B. C., Theophrastus had failed to see in them the evidence of past life, and according to this philosopher a "plastic virtue latent in the earth" was supposed in some mysterious way to have given them birth. The process was occasionally explained as being akin to crystallization. There were even those who thought that fossils were "the work of the devil, subtly designed to draw believers away from the faith."

Little, Brown & Co. also announce a sixteenth printing of the regular edition of Jeffery Fernel's "The Broad Highway," a sixteenth printing of "The Mountain Girl," by Payne Erskine, and a seventh printing of "Joyful Hearth-erby," by the same author; a third printing of "The Quarry," by John A. Moroso, a second printing of "A Manual of Shoemaking," by William H. Dooley; a second printing of "A Sunny Life: The Biography of Samuel June Barrows," by Isabel Barrows; a third printing of Leslie W. Quirk's "The Fourth Down," a sixth printing of Mary E. Waller's "Sanna of the Island Town," and a second printing of two of E. Phillips Oppenheim's recently published novels "The Survivor" and "The World's Great Snare."

Mr. E. Torday, whose new book, "Camp and Trap in African Wilds," was recently published, traveled over the route taken by the great Livingstone, including the Congo region, unarmed except when hunting big game. The Congo natives are usually pictured by explorers and hunters as ferocious

and treacherous savages, but Mr. Torday did not find them so. He was in many dangerous situations, and in a number of cases his life was saved by the devotion of his negro servants. He found that the savages quickly responded in kind to fair and just treatment, and that the travelers and hunters who have in the past treated the natives with contempt and harshness have been the cause of the violent opposition to the white man that is sometimes found.

"A Fool and His Money," by George Barr McCutcheon, author of "Graustark," "The Hollow of Her Hand," etc., one of the Dodd-Mead fall books previously briefly referred to in these columns, again brings to the front a castle "gray, ancient and lofty," this time on the Danube. A young American, termed a fool by his uncle, because he is an author and has inherited money, takes a liking to the castle and purchases it. "And lo," to quote the publishers' advance notice, "among the innumerable odds and ends of medieval lumber of which he has become possessor, he discovers dungeons, hints of buried treasure, whispers of mystery, an odd family of stout retainers, and finally—locked up in an isolated tower, with padlocked door and a secret entrance—a beautiful Countess, Austrian by marriage, but American by birth." The American in the last chapter meets the Countess and the romance has a happy ending.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have the shortest fall list for a number of years, only thirty-four new books. "Fewer and Better Books" is the slogan of this house. Among the list of authors are: Gene Stratton-Porter, Stewart Edward White, Corra Harris, David Grayson, Harriet T. Comstock, Mary Francis Dwyer, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Maurice Leblanc, Hulbert Footner, and others. Joseph Conrad's late book, "Twixt Land and Sea," will, it is announced by Doubleday, Page & Co., be hereafter published by them. The book, which was printed about a year ago, scored an instant success. It is composed of three tropical sea stories, entitled "A Smile of Fortune," "The Secret Sharer," and "Freya of the Seven Isles." New editions are promised of "Youth," "Lord Jim," "Falk," and "Point of Honor," to meet the increased demand for Conrad's books.

In view of the unusually large number of volumes which the Houghton, Mifflin Company expects to publish this fall, the house finds it necessary to begin publication at a much earlier date than usual. Consequently, its first autumn books will be ready August 30, and will include Meredith Nicholson's new novel, "Otherwise Phyllis;" "The National and the Empire," by Lord Milner, and Part IV. of the second volume of Charles Sprague Sargent's "Trees and Shrubs." The fifth impression of Hugo Munsterberg's latest work, "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency," is announced by this house.

A new author comes to the front in Raymond Paton, whose "The Drummer of the Dawn" is also among the Dodd-Mead Fall offerings. The regeneration of the life of an Englishman, a brilliant man of the world and of literary Bohemia, who has "fallen from grace" by association with a child of genius, is the keynote of the story. The climax of the tale is in Mexico, and the clearing of the mystery of the child's existence comes amid an Arab rebellion.

Professor Robert Herrick has been passing the summer in Maine busily engaged in literary production. As usual, he has been keeping his plans to himself, holding that the public has no concern with his work until it is done. Not a genial or outflowing spirit, but one respectable—in the original sense of the word.

Mrs. Deland is in British Columbia, but will shortly return from her transcontinental trip to her home at Kennebunkport, Me.

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Stocks & Bonds

Union Oil securities have been the feature on the local market this week and the range of price for Union Oil stock has been from \$51 the opening sale to \$55, the high point touched last Wednesday. Sales at these figures and the range between have been heavy. The fluctuations in this security which have placed it in the speculative class rather than in the investment have resulted in a statement being issued and printed in the San Francisco press. In this, various reasons are given for the slump which has taken place in the last few weeks, the principal one of which was fright upon the part of small holders due to the calling in by the banks of loans made on the security. Then follow figures in which the earning capacity of the company is shown and the probability of the resumption of dividends after the first of the coming year.

Other oil stocks are quiet. Amalgamated and Associated have held their own and this can be said of the cheaper stocks. One feature of the week was the advance of Honolulu oil on the San Francisco exchange to \$1.05. This in view of the recent assessment of 10 cents a share caused considerable comment. However, the true condition of the company was made known through the advance. This was that the company owed a half million dollars and it was necessary to meet this or a greater portion of it at once. The assessment followed and this will reduce the indebtedness to around \$200,000, all of which, it is said, will be wiped out by the end of the year. The principal product of the company is gas which is sold to the Midway Gas Company which company markets it in Los Angeles. Honolulu stock sold recently at 80 cents.

Of general interest is a test case as to the constitutionality of the act of the recent legislature declaring all pipe lines in California common carriers which is to be heard in the federal court in San Francisco. The Associated Oil Company and the Kern Trading and Oil Company, both subsidiaries of the Southern Pacific, are the plaintiffs and the Associated Pipe Line Company, the state railroad commission and the attorney general of the state defendants. The brief in the case is a lengthy one and in it is alleged that the law is not only unconstitutional, but that it is confiscatory. The federal judge has granted a temporary injunction against the enforcement of the law against the plaintiffs, the return to be made September 5 although it will not likely be heard until October. The Standard Oil Company of California has complied with this law, filing tentative rates, and the Producers Transportation Company has declared its intention of filing a schedule. The various companies have been cited to appear before the State Railroad Commission September 4.

Other lists than that of oil on the Los Angeles Exchange have been remarkably quiet this week. It is believed that with the opening of the coming month there will be a general advance all around in the several lists due to better financial conditions.

Banks and Banking

Stoddard Jess, president of the First National Bank, and who represented the Clearing House Association of Los Angeles at a conference with Secre-

tary McAdoo of the treasury department regarding the depositing of \$50,000,000 in various banks for the purpose of moving the crops and who was the representative of the California State Bankers at the meeting of the conference committee of the American Bankers Association in Chicago to consider the Owen-Glass currency measure now pending in congress, has returned home. He takes an optimistic view of financial conditions, declaring in a printed interview that "The financial situation generally has shown marked improvement in the last thirty days. The bankers in many money centers in the East have handled the situation with good judgment and in such manner that all the legitimate needs of business have been met, and no actual loss suffered by reason of the scarcity of money." He also details the conference on the currency bill and the various amendments which the conference suggested and will urge upon congress to adopt. Others who were present at the conference from Los Angeles were John Perrin, of Perrin, Drake and Riley, and J. F. Sartori, president of the Security Trust and Savings Bank.

Unwillingness as shown by certain of the leading banks in New York City, and in a very few instances in other cities, to retain government deposits since the decision to charge them 2 per cent interest has not extended to the great majority of national institutions. With the announcement by the secretary of the treasury of his intention to increase by \$50,000,000 the amount of government funds on deposit with the banks and to collect interest on deposits the number of depositories has more than doubled. From 440 February 1 the number has already increased to 990, and further applications are pouring in. The action of the secretary in ordering that all drafts on government funds be drawn upon the treasury necessitated an increase in the number of depository banks. The tendency of pension and other checks to accumulate at this center was partly responsible for the surrender of government money by some of the local banks. One of the leading New York institutions, which would have been compelled to pay interest on an average sum of about \$500,000 had it remained a depository, frequently found the government a debtor to a large amount at the close of a day's business by reason of the receipt of thousands of checks from interior banks.

Indications that the United States may get back part of the gold which it has been exporting to South American countries in recent months are supplied by the announcement of an importation of \$550,000 from the Argentine. The gold was brought here this week by Heidelberg, Ickleheimer & Co. Gold has been imported from the Argentine and other South American countries in each of the last seven years, but in much smaller quantities than it has been exported. Last year the United States received only \$183,000 from this source and exported more than \$10,000,000. In 1907 nearly \$4,000,000 was brought here from Argentina.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Dividend and interest disbursements in September will amount to \$112,023,045, an increase over the same month

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of last year of \$5,149,049, according to the records of The Journal of Commerce. Of the total, dividends alone amount to \$58,323,045, a decline of \$450,951. Against this recession will stand an increase of approximately \$5,600,000 in interest payments of \$53,700,000, the advance representing the return on bond and note issues made during the year. The American Tobacco Company will not distribute as much by \$7,000,000 as in September, 1912, owing to the fact that stockholders are not to receive anything more than the usual quarterly payment of 5 per cent. The companies to make extra payments, or to make a return to shareholders where none was made last year, are the Standard Oil Companies of California, Ohio and Kansas; Ohio Oil, Eastern Kodak, Liggett & Myers, Continental Oil and American Steel Foundries Company. Smaller disbursements have been voted for Illinois Central, New Haven, International Nickel common, Crown Reserve Mining and American Tobacco.

An increase in the amount of public utility securities maturing in 1914 offsets in small part the \$120,000,000 decrease in the amount of railroad issues falling due in that year as compared with the present year. The \$70,300,000 of public utility issues maturing in 1914 is about \$28,000,000 in excess of the amount of such securities maturing this year. Industrial maturities in 1914, however, of \$40,000,000 are about \$6,000,000 less than in the current year. This leaves the net result of maturing corporate securities in 1914 approximately \$100,000,000 below those of 1913. The total for 1914 is \$372,000,000. In these two fields there are approximately \$100,000,000 below those of 1913. The total for 1914 is \$372,000,000. In these two fields there are approximately \$26,000,000 of notes and bonds payable yet this year for which arrangements have not yet been announced. This added to the \$72,500,000 of railroad issues yet to be provided for in the last six months of this year makes a total of \$98,500,000 securities waiting to be refinanced or paid off before 1914.

Long Beach will hold the first of a series of bond elections Tuesday. There will follow an election daily on a bond proposition, with the exception of Sunday, September 7 and Tuesday, September 9, admission day, until and including September 10.

Special election has been called for Sept. 10 in Santa Barbara to decide the question of issuing bonds of \$120,000 for improvements in the water system.

Newport Beach is contemplating a bond election of \$100,000 for a jetty.

San Diego has set Sept. 11 as the date on which \$350,000 school bonds will be voted on.

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ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 11, 1913.

019293 Not coal lands.
NOTICE is hereby given that George Washington Haight, whose post-office address is 1686 W. Adams street, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 7th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019293, to purchase the NW¼NE¼, Section 8, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1873, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and the stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00 (see 015939), the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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 - Of black-and-white Shepherd checks.
 - Of light colored Homespuns with stripes or flecks of bright color.
- 32 to 40-inch coats in cutaway effects—some in extreme cut, buttoned high above bust line, with abrupt slant toward the back; others buttoned low below waist line; some have rounded corners; some with decided square cut and square corners.

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